

THE LIVING AGE.

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EMBLEM OF LIFE.

Hast thou not oft, in music, felt the jar
Of one discordant string,
Known one false note the minstrel's song to mar,
That seraph else might sing ?

Hast thou ne'er marked a clear and placid rill
Flow smoothly on its course,
And when some barrier has opposed its will,
Heard it in brawlings hoarse ?

Hast thou ne'er seen bright rays of heaven's
light
Shedding their radiance down,
Till some dark cloud has shut them from the
sight,
And left a shadow's frown ?

Emblems in these, frail mortal, may'st thou see,
Of thine own erring heart,
That heaven has almost tuned to harmony,
Yet discord claims a part.

Oh, yield, proud heart ! to the Great Harmonist,
Though cords of highest strain
May loosened be, and those perchance long
missed,
By him be strung again.

Though that which thou exaltest be brought
low,
As a faint, dying note,
And from the strings, unused, sweet strains
shall flow,
And high as heaven float.

The current of thy life thou canst not shape
In all things to thy will ;
Resist not waves which thou canst ne'er escape,
And hast no power to still.

Spurn not the channel by which light may flow
Into thy darkened mind,
E'en though from sorrow's furnace come a glow
Thou nowhere else may find.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

S.

THE PILGRIM.

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

YEARNING for scenes of promised rest,
The weary pilgrim bends his way,
Where bright the city of the blest
Shines in serene, eternal day.

" In thy pure mirror, crystal stream !
Soon shall these longing eyes behold,
Reflected, the celestial gleam
Of shining gates and spires of gold.

Ye rocky hills that soar on high,
And stretch across my onward way !
Your sunny tops e'en now descriy
The far-off gates of endless day !

A sound of distant bells draws nigh ;
On grove and stream the day grows pale :
Oh, had I wings, that I might fly
Far, far away o'er hill and vale ! "

The blissful thought his soul o'erpowers ;
He faints before the lengthening road,
And, sinking down amid the flowers,
Thinks on the city of his God.

" Alas ! the way grows rough before me ;
My spirit faints : my footsteps fail !
Come gentle dreams ! steal softly o'er me,
And waft me to the blessed vale ! "

He saw the gates of heaven unfold,
And thus his shining angel spoke :
" Shall he the needed power withhold,
Whose word the burning impulse woke ?

But golden dreams and fond desires
To coward hearts alone are dear ;
A nobler strength high aim inspires,
And brings each lovely vision near."

The fair form fades at morning light ;
The pilgrim grasps his staff once more,
Toils on o'er plain and mountain-height,
And now is at the golden door.

And lo ! like fond, maternal arms,
Wide open fly the gates of day,
And heavenly harpings welcome in
The pilgrim from his weary way.
—From the German of Uhlard.

LIFE.

LIFE is a tree, and we and all mankind
Are but the tender germ or fruit thereon.
Some born to blossom, some to fade away,
Some to endure the end by furthest stay.
And so it haps, at first in waxen buds
Doth Infancy appear ; then Childhood, rich
In promise of the great hereafter, smiles
Amid its rosy bloom ; and afterward
There cometh Boyhood, green in all device,
In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs
But sour and undefined. Then followeth Man,
Assuming both the tone of rounder thought
And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious
year,
With mellow grace do dwell within the minds
Until the heavy-laden weight of age
Struggleth with life, e'en as the fruitage ripe
Doth wrestle with its stem ; and then both fall
To earth from whence both sprang.

Yet, mortal, hear,
And chiefly note, O man, the fruit shall die
Whilst thou endure the vast eternity !
Let then thine end be such thou may'st rejoice
In the full garner of thy Master's choice.
—All the Year Round.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Monumenta Epigraphica Pompeiana, ad Fidem Archetyporum expressa. Pars prima, Inscriptionum Oscarum apographa.* Curante Josepho Fiorellio, Ordinis Academicorum Herculaneusium Adlecto. Atlas Fol. Neapoli: 1854.
2. *Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei, designati e descritti.* Imp. Fol. Fasc. I.—XII. Napoli: 1854-7.
3. *Graffiti de Pompei. Inscriptions et Gravures tracées au stylet.* Recueillies et interprétées par Raphael Garrucci, S. J. 4to. Paris: 1856.
4. *Un Graffito blasfemo nel Palazzo dei Cesari.* [Civiltà Cattolica. Serie 3. vol. iv.] 8vo. Roma: 1856.
5. *Intorno ad una Iscrizione Osca recentemente scavata in Pompei.* Brevi Osservazioni del P. Raffaele Garrucci. 4to. Napoli: 1851.

THE President of the Herculaneum Academy, in an address presented to Humboldt on the occasion of his memorable visit to Naples, declared that, fearful as has been the ruin wrought by the successive eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, nevertheless the treasures of literature, science, and art which it has been the means of preserving to the modern world, more than compensate for the destruction brought on the victims of its fury. There is hardly an object connected with the public or private life of the Romans of which some actual representative is not to be found, either in the remains of these cities, or among the numberless relics which have been transferred from them to the Bourbon Museum at Naples. And, however we may hesitate at the sweeping assertion of the enthusiastic academician, it is no great exaggeration to say that the discovery of Pompeii and its sister city of Herculaneum, has done as much for the elucidation of classical antiquity, as the united labors of all the critics and commentators since the revival of letters.

For those too who can pass beyond the mere technicalities of classical learning, Pompeii has an interest far higher than this, and entirely independent of the archaeological advantages to be derived from the exploration of its remains. Even unlearned visitors experience there a sensation altogether different from the impressions created by any other remains of antiquity, hardly excepting those of Rome itself. The most commonplace mind is there irresistibly carried back to the times and scenes stereotyped in the deserted

streets, and the tenantless, but almost unviolated, homes, of this city of the dead. The very stains and tracks of the goblet may still be seen on the drinking-tables in the wine shops, as if the noisy groups which used of old to gossip or quarrel over their cups were still seated round them. Propertius's curious allusion to the practice of *bella depingere vino*, finds here almost a literal commentary; for the straggling lines and blotches still fresh upon the marble at Pompeii might be the handiwork of some veteran of the Dacian or Marcommannic war, "fighting his battles o'er again," and, in the excitement of his narrative, tracing out in the dregs of his Massic or Calenian wine a plan of the movements and positions of the hostile armies. And so it is for numberless other equally curious details: the shrivelled olives in the jars; the wine or conserves incrustated upon the amphoræ; the fine lady's box of cosmetics; the loaded dice of the gambler; the carpenter's tools laid ready to his hand; the surgeon's case of instruments; the apothecary's pills and phials; the names still legible over the shop-doors; the loaf with the baker's name and the very impress of his elbow; the skeleton with the irons upon its ankles; the purse still grasped in the bony hand of the fugitive; and, saddest of all, the impress of that fair young female form still delicately visible in the indurated mass of ashes which overwhelmed her;—are all so many links connecting the past with the present,—so many evidences of real and tangible existence,—in the presence of which we forget the long interval of ages that separate us from the days to which they belonged. Pompeii appears, in truth, a deserted, but not a ruined city. It would seem as if there Time, the great Destroyer, had been baffled of more than half his work of ruin; and the roofless houses and empty streets remind us far more of a place abandoned at no very distant date by its inhabitants on the approach of an invading army, than of a buried city, the sad story of whose destruction was already old and forgotten before Rome had passed through the first phase of her incipient decay.

Hence it is that in Pompeii, far more than in any other ancient locality, if we except the analogous deposit of early Christian memorials—the Catacombs of Rome, we are brought into actual contact with the realities of the every-day life of the ancients. Very many

most interesting objects of which we read in ancient authors, or which we elsewhere see engraved upon ancient monuments, have themselves been discovered here, and are still to be seen in the Museum at Naples. Others are found depicted on the frescoes of the walls, with a vividness and lifelike truth of which the written or sculptured representations, elsewhere accessible, give but a faint and imperfect idea; and, although it is quite certain that by far the largest proportion of the property of the inhabitants must have been removed from the city, either before its destruction or on a subsequent exploration of the ruins, yet the examples already referred to will show that, among the objects which have come down to us, are many, not only extremely perishable in their nature, but also of the very highest interest, as illustrating the domestic life and manners of the period.

It need hardly be said, therefore, that on the first news of its discovery, classical antiquaries were not slow to avail themselves of the great resources of this ancient treasure-house; and it must be owned that they have turned them sedulously to account. Most of the illustrations of the admirable antiquarian dictionaries and similar aids to study, which it is the luxury of the present generation to enjoy, are directly copied from the objects themselves as found in Pompeii. The publications of Mazois and Sir William Gell supply to more advanced readers what may almost be called facsimiles of every monument of interest discovered up to the time of their publication. The magnificent work of the Signori Niccolini, "*Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei*," now in progress, promises to surpass them all immeasurably in the completeness of its plan, the correctness of its detail, and above all, in the splendor and beauty of its execution, upon which all the resources of modern art have been lavishly expended. The plates of this gorgeous volume may truly be called reproductions, rather than representations, of the original; and although its costliness and rarity must of necessity restrict its circulation within a very narrow compass, yet there are many popular compilations in the various languages of Europe—that of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge in English, Bréton's "*Pompeia*" in French, and Overbeck's "*Pompejii*" in German, which have not only brought home to unlearned

readers all the most striking and important general results of the earlier explorations, but have continued, at least in outline, the history of the discoveries down to the date of their publication.

Nevertheless, even a cursory glance at the publications named at the head of these pages, and still more an examination of the literary journals, or of the proceedings of any of the learned societies of Naples, will show that there is still much to be learned by the general reader, both as to the present condition of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and as to the actual results of the more recent investigations into their history by the local scholars and archæologists. Very few outside of Naples are aware of the amount of learning and industry which have been expended of late years upon these studies, or of the minute and systematic examination to which all their details have been subjected. The new series of the "*Buletino Archeologico*" is a complete repertory of classical scholarship; and there are few *fascicoli* of the memoirs of the Herculanean Academy which do not contain papers of interest, not alone for the special questions of Pompeian or Herculanean archæology upon which they bear, but for the various and accurate general information which they contain. And although many of the subjects which they discuss may appear to ordinary readers to possess very little practical utility, the manner in which they are treated is such as amply to repay a careful study. There is a series of papers,* for example, on the skeletons and even the detached bones discovered at Pompeii, which, unpromising as the topic might seem, the author has contrived to make the vehicle of a mass of the most curious learning, both old and new, on the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, as studied by the ancients. He has employed the relics of these unknown and long-forgotten Pompeians as witnesses of the character and pursuits, as well as of the physical conformation, of the generation to which they belonged; nay, some of them, which retain traces of former fractures and other injuries, are used with great ingenuity and ability as tests, both of the nature of the ancient practice of sur-

* "*Cenno notomico-patologico sulle Ossæ Umanæ scavate in Pompei. Dal Signor Stefano delle Chiaje. Napoli, 1853.*" Signor delle Chiaje is well known as one of the most voluminous medical writers of modern Italy.

gery, and of the actual skill of the operator to whom the treatment of the injury was entrusted. Another series by the Cavaliere Vulpes,* descriptive of the various surgical instruments found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, contains a greater amount of information on the state of surgical science among the ancients than we have ever seen brought together by any single writer. These papers have been collected into a separate publication illustrated by many admirable engravings. The existence of the collection of instruments to which they relate has long been known; but Cavaliere Vulpes has been the first to subject it to a detailed examination. The instruments† are for the most part in excellent preservation. They are above two hundred in number, and may be supposed to comprise specimens of most of the instruments known to the surgeons of the classic times, not only lancets, scalpels, forceps, needles, bistories, etc., but also implements of dental surgery, cauterizing irons, catheters of various forms, cupping instruments of glass and of horn, and even specula and other appliances of the accoucheur. It would be out of place here to enter into so technical a subject, but we can promise even to unprofessional scholars that they will be much interested by the manner in which it is treated, and by the learning with which it is illustrated from the ancient medical authorities, Hippocrates, Galen, Paul of Egina, and most of all from Celsus, who is especially minute and elaborate on the uses of instruments in the healing art.

We only allude, indeed, to these and other recent publications of the same school, as specimens of the curious lines of inquiry into which the learning or ingenuity of the archaeologists of Naples has turned itself of late years. The subject with which we are directly concerned is one of much more general interest—a particular class among the numerous inscriptions, which, after the lapse of so many ages, are still discoverable in Pompeii. The general subject of Pompeian inscriptions

has long been familiar to the learned. Almost immediately upon the first disinterment of the city, all those which appeared, whether on the public monuments or on the private buildings, were subjected to a careful examination. Many of them were published soon after; and since that time the results of each new discovery have been carefully chronicled, as the occasion arose. All these M. Mommsen, in his general work, "*Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani*," has collected from the various publications through which they were dispersed; and as many of them, owing to the haste or inexactness of the original transcriber, were exceedingly inaccurate, he has carefully revised, and as far as possible corrected, the text of the entire collection.

There is another class of Pompeian inscriptions, however, which, in the abundance of more obvious and more striking objects of interest, was for a long time overlooked; a class, too, which, from the very nature of the case, is only to be met with at Pompeii, or in the few ancient localities which resemble Pompeii, in having lain for ages completely buried, and, as it were, hermetically sealed against the action of light and air; such as the substructions of the palace of the Cæsars, the tombs on the Latin Way, and, above all, the catacombs of Sant' Agnese and San Calisto, at Rome. We allude to the so-called *graffiti*,* or street-scribbings,—the names, words, or sentences, which are found rudely traced in charcoal or red chalk, or scratched with a stylus on the plaster of the walls or pillars in the public places of the city. In the ardor of a first exploration, fragments like these were naturally neglected for what seemed to be of higher and more permanent importance; but it cannot be doubted that, rightly considered, they are not only extremely curious in themselves, but also calculated to throw light on the every-day life and manners of the ancient world, or at least to exhibit some of the lighter traits of popular character and the tone of mind which prevailed among a class to whose feelings and habits, as being unrepresented in the higher literature, hardly any other clue is now obtainable. Porson used to say that more of

* Illustrazioni di tutti gli Strumenti chirurgici scavati in Pompei, che ora conservansi nel R. Museo Borbonico di Napoli comprese in sette Memorie lette all' Accademia ercolanese, dal Cav. Vulpes. Napoli, 1847.

† A large proportion of the instruments now in the Museum, it is true, were discovered in Herculaneum, and are described by Bayardi in his "*Catalogo degli Antichi Monumenti*." But a number of most interesting instruments were also found at Pompeii in a house since known as the "Surgeon's House," or the "School of Surgery."

* It is hard to find an English equivalent for this word, which, in its literal acceptation, means "scratchings" with a stylus or pointed instrument. It includes, however, scribbings with charcoal or red chalk. The French have adopted it into their vocabulary, untranslated.

the every-day life of the Athenians would be learned from a single newspaper such as ours, than from all the comedies of Aristophanes. What the newspaper would have told of the higher and more educated class, a few specimens of what Mr. Mayhew describes as "patter literature," would disclose of the street life of the ancients; but, highly as we should prize a Pompeian street-ballad or broadsheet, we cannot help thinking that, at least as regards the out-of-door life of the population of Pompeii, these random scribblings afford by no means a bad substitute.

Many curious and interesting gleanings of them, indeed, both at Pompeii and elsewhere, have already been made public, and more than one eminent scholar has applied himself to the subject as a special study. But up to the present time the skilful and systematic researches of Father Garrucci, author of the "*Graffiti di Pompei*," have thrown the labors of all former explorers into the shade. He may be said to have elevated the subject to the dignity of a distinct branch of classical antiquarianism, and he has even turned it to the illustration of sacred antiquities. A *graffito* discovered by him at Rome, to which we shall hereafter allude, is, in our opinion, one of the most curious and interesting monuments of the early conflict of Christianity and Paganism which has reached our time.

The practice of scribbling upon walls, if we may trust the proverb, has been the resource of idlers and fools since men first learned to express their thoughts in writing. We meet it in every country. Some of the most venerable monuments of Egyptian art have been profaned by it. The majestic ruins in the valley of the Nile exhibit a series of these idle scribblings, stretching from the days of the Ptolemies down to the reign of Queen Victoria. In the rocky passes of the peninsula of Sinai, side by side with those mysterious inscriptions which have long perplexed critics and archaeologists, are to be found travellers' or pilgrims' names and salutations, in Greek or Latin, which, although of somewhat uncertain age, undoubtedly belong at least to the time of the first Byzantine empire. In the cities of Greece and Italy the practice was early and universal. Aristophanes and his scholiasts frequently allude to it.* The western gate of Athens was covered with

scribblings in the time of Lucian;† and from Plautus' play of the *Merchant*‡ it is clear that the doors and porticoes of private houses at Rome were exposed to the same annoyance. The subjects of this wall literature of the ancients appear to have been very miscellaneous. Sometimes it confined itself to the humble office of the modern bill-sticker, at least if we may argue from Propertius' instruction to his slave about advertising the lost tablets:—

"I puer, et citus hæc aliquâ propone columnâ,
Et dominum Esquilii scribe habitare tuum."

Many of the inscriptions were of a religious character, as the verses on the fountain and the god Clitumnus referred to by Pliny;‡ others, especially in later times, were political in their object. Thus Tiberius Gracchus was mainly encouraged in the agitation of his agrarian scheme by the addresses written upon "the houses, pillars, and monuments of the city."§ On the other hand, Cicero, in his invective against Verres, appeals to the verses about Verres' mistress, Pipa, which were written up, not only in his court, but even over the tribunal where he used to sit in judgment. The great majority of the writings, however, appear to have been personal, and for the most part of a satirical and often grossly libellous character; and an illusion in the treatise "*De Cereo Paschali*," attributed to St. Jerome, shows that even Christians were not strangers to the practice.||

The first notice of any inscription of this class discovered at Pompeii occurs in the *Journal de Fouilles*, for Oct. 18, 1765, some specimens of which are given by Father Garrucci (p. 9); and about twenty years later a small collection, consisting of a few pages, was published by the celebrated antiquarian of Hanover, M. Murr,¶ for whom they had been transcribed on the spot by a friend who visited Pompeii about the year 1783. None of the inscriptions of either collection, however, appear to have possessed much value; and were it not that a few fragments are given in the *Museo Reale Borbonico*, and that an occasional reference is made to others in communications to the Archaeological

* Lucianⁱ opp. p. 711. (Didot's ed.)

† Act II. sc. 3.

‡ Ep. viii. 8.

§ Plutarch's Lives. *Tib. Gracchus*, vol. v. p. 8.

|| "Per omnes columnas tibi Manichei titulus adscribetur."

¶ Norimbergæ, 1792; with a supplementary sheet in 1793.

* See *Acharnians*, v. 144; *Wasps*, v. 99, etc.

Journals of Rome and Naples, the subject, for nearly half a century, might be supposed to have been altogether forgotten by the antiquaries of Italy.

It is gratifying to think that for the first really interesting publication on the subject (in 1837) we are indebted to an English scholar, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, at that time head master of Harrow School. On his return to England, after a visit to the spot, Dr. Wordsworth, in a letter addressed to his travelling companion, published a detailed account of a number of these inscriptions (for the most part accompanied by *facsimiles*), which took the learned entirely by surprise, even in Naples itself. It would appear as if these particular inscriptions, the chief part of which are from the outer wall of the Basilica, had not, until then, been observed by the local antiquaries; and, immediately upon the appearance of Dr. Wordsworth's essay, they were carefully removed, under the direction of the eminent antiquary, Signor Avellino to the Museum at Naples, together with many other similar ones from different localities in Pompeii. A short time afterwards (1840) Signor Avellino published a memoir on a series of rude *graffiti* of gladiators, with inscriptions of the same character; a similar collection is appended to an essay on an Oscan inscription published by Raimondo Guarini (1839);* and, from that year till its suspension in 1848, the *Archæological Journal* of Naples regularly devoted a considerable amount of its space to the publication and elucidation of these so-called *graffiti*. But by far the most comprehensive, as well as the most magnificent, work on the subject of the *graffiti*, will be, when completed, that of Signor Fiorelli, which stands first in the list prefixed to these pages, and which is the fruit of upwards of nine years of laborious research. As yet it has made but little progress; but it is intended to consist of three parts, the first comprising the Oscan *graffiti*; the second, those in Greek; and the third, those in Latin. The last of these parts is by far the most considerable, and is that which will contain all the really important *graffiti*. The illustrations are on a scale of the utmost magnificence, being printed not only in the colors and forms of the originals, but in their exact dimensions. The plates of the portion al-

ready printed are of enormous size, each being made up of several sheets of the largest folio.

Unfortunately, however, the parts of Signor Fiorelli's work published up to the present time only comprise the first portion of the entire, the Oscan *graffiti*. For the Greek and Latin *graffiti*, we must still, until the completion of the "*Monumenta Epigraphica*," have recourse to the less magnificent, but nevertheless very comprehensive and interesting collection of Father Garrucci, and the atlas of illustrations which accompanies it. Father Garrucci's "*Graffiti de Pompei*" is a careful *résumé* of all that has been done by those who have gone before him in the inquiry, together with much interesting matter collected by himself. He has, moreover, collated the text of his predecessors, in most cases, with the actual inscriptions. This, however, has not been always possible, as a considerable number of the *graffiti* are illegible; for although the archæologists of Naples—unlike the notorious Abbé Fourmont, who in his visit to Athens and other cities of Greece made it a point to obliterate every inscription as soon as he had copied it, lest some other should share the glory of the work—have taken great pains to preserve these interesting relics, yet in very many cases the frail and perishable nature of the material has rendered their efforts unavailing.

Dr. Wordsworth's little collection would in itself deserve a detailed notice; more especially as the inscriptions which it contains are chiefly of one character,—verses and similar literary scraps, scratched upon the wall of the court-house portico—the Pompeian "*Salle des Pas perdus*"—probably by briefless lawyers or expectant clients as they lounged away the idle hours within its precincts. It happens, moreover, that this is precisely the class of inscriptions for the illustration of which the taste and scholarship of such an editor as Dr. Wordsworth are peculiarly adapted. But, as P. Garrucci has included these inscriptions in his collection, and especially as he has, in some instances, corrected Dr. Wordsworth's readings of the original, we shall not separate them from the general body.

It is difficult to give a full and satisfactory account of these curious compositions without distributing them into classes, either according to the subject-matter, or according to the

* In Cippum osco-abellanum Divinatio Raymundi Guarini. 8vo. Neapoli: 1839.

localities from which they are severally derived. But Padre Garrucci has not followed this plan. It is obvious that any attempt at such a classification would be out of place in an essay like the present; and we must content ourselves with a general account of the most remarkable of the *graffiti*, together with such observations on their peculiarities of palæography and language, as may appear interesting to the general scholar.

Very many of the *graffiti*, indeed, hardly admit of regular classification, being, as might be anticipated, of a most motley character. Some are scraps of poetry from well-known authors; others are doggerel verses or short sentences of unknown origin. Some are expressions of affection for a friend, or of respect for a master or benefactor. Some simply record, in the very same terms which may still be read in any place of public resort, that the writer visited the spot on such or such a day. Some are mere names, or names accompanied by an epithet, complimentary or otherwise, as 'the case may be. Thus we are told of one that he was a pilferer (*furunculus*); of another, that he was a downright thief (*fur*); while a third, a certain Oppius, as if uniting the bad qualities of both characters, is addressed, OPPI EMBOLARI,* FUR FURUNCULE! Some extol the charms, or deplore the cruelty, of a mistress; some are advertisements of lost property, with a promise of reward for its restoration, or for the discovery of the thief. Some have all the pretension of philosophical apophthegms; as MINIMUM MALUM FIT CONTEMNENDO MAXIMUM; or, NON EST EXILIUM EX PATRIA SAPIENTIBUS; others appear to be the first efforts of schoolboys practising their morning lesson—lists of nouns, verbs, or adverbs, seemingly intended to be committed to memory; or even 'early essays in penmanship,—ill-formed letters, half-finished alphabets, and other similar fragments.

A large number of them consist of lists of champions in the arena, generally followed by an enumeration of their victories, and accompanied by a grotesque illustration rudely scratched upon the wall. Many of them are evidently lampoons, and the figures which accompany them, caricatures. Many, too, are

* Probably *Emboliari*. The name designated a particular class of actors who appeared chiefly in the *Embolium* or interlude. It is more commonly used in the feminine, and it would seem as if the *Embolium* were chiefly intended for female characters. They were generally not of the best reputation.

mere ribaldry, sometimes of the grossest and most disgusting tendency. It is unnecessary to add, that, from almost all, in addition to the light which they throw on the social and moral condition of Pompeii, much may be learned illustrating not only the palæography, but also the popular idioms and the peculiar orthography, of the city, and perhaps of the period generally.

It would be vain of course to look to such a quarter for new lights on the literature of the period. The writers of *graffiti* are generally of a class laying but little claim to the literary character. Father Garrucci imagines (p. 61), that he discovers in one of the *graffiti* the names of two dramatists hitherto unknown, Accius Cæsius, and Amaranthus. But we must confess that this conclusion appears to us exceedingly doubtful; nor indeed do we fully understand the argument on which it is founded. On the whole, indeed, it must be acknowledged that the literary value of the *graffiti* is extremely trifling.

The poetry popular with the majority of the scribblers at Pompeii was of the very lightest, and chiefly of the amatory school. Ovid and Propertius seem the great favorites. There are two or three phrases and broken lines from Virgil; but we find only one complete verse from that author*—

"Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Olyxis;"

which is only noticeable for the peculiar orthography of the name of Ulysses; and, strangely enough, not a single line from Horace has yet been discovered. The citations from Ovid are mainly from the *Amores* and the *Ars Amatoria*. One of these, from the latter book, exhibits a singular reading of the well-known lines†—

"Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius undâ?"

Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ."

The Pompeian scribbler wrote:—

"Quid pote tam durum saxo, aut quid mollius undâ?"

Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ."

The form *quid pote* is plainly one of those Græcisms which lingered so long in Magna Græcia; but it is difficult to say how much of the remainder of the reading is due to local idiom, and how much to the individual scribe, especially as, in most other cases, the words of the original are tolerably exactly rendered.

* Ecl. viii. 70.

† De Art Am. i. 475.

In one case the writer has brought together, and written as one continuous passage, two couplets of like import, one from Ovid* and one from Propertius.† We can imagine some disappointed suitor writing it upon the door-post of his venal mistress:—

"Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti;
Audiat exclusi verba receptus amans.
Janitor ad dantis vigilet: si pulsat inanis,
Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram."

In other cases we meet tender appeals, such as love-sick swains still offer to their Delias and their Chloes. Thus:—

"Scribenti mi dictat Amor, mostratque Cupido;
Ah! peream, sine tēi deus esse velim!"

Occasionally we find paraphrases or imitations of some popular strophe, applied at second hand to the writer's own flame. Thus an artful Pompeian lover has translated Propertius's

"Cynthia me docuit castas odisse puellas,"
into

"Candida me docuit nigras odisse puellas."

It would be tedious, however, to multiply quotations. The few which we have given will suffice as a specimen, as well of the poetical tastes of the Pompeians, as of the assiduity with which the lessons of the *Ars Amatoria* were cultivated among them. Love, indeed, is the burden of a vast number of the inscriptions. "Crispus" and "Septimius" make no scruple of recording their love for "Rufa" or "Avitilla." More bashful lovers, who preserve their own incognito, beseechingly appeal to their cruel mistress under her proper name: VALE MEA SAVA, FAC ME AMES. (p. 89.) Even the fair themselves do not shrink from avowing their flame. A nameless fair one "loves Casuntius" (p. 76); "Nonia," less diffident, "salutes her Pagurus" (p. 81); "Auge loves Arabienus" (p. 83); "Methe" (p. 89), still more melting, "loves Chrestus in her heart," and prays that "Pompeian Venus may be propitious to them, and that they may ever love in concord." In a word, to live and love would seem to have been the philosophy of life at Pompeii. Thus one inscription proclaims SUAVIS AMOR; another declares, NEMO EST BELLUS NISI QUI AMAVIT; a third pronounces the sweeping denunciation—

"QUISQUIS AMAT VALEAT, PEREAT QUI PARCIT
AMARE:"

It were well if these were the only evidences

* Amor, l. viii. 77.

† El. iv. v. 47.

of the licentious manners of Pompeii which the *graffiti* supply; but there are others of a far more revolting character. Into these, of course, P. Garrucci does not enter; but there can be no doubt that many of the street scribblings fully confirm, if indeed they do not darken, the hateful impressions regarding Pompeian morality which were produced by the pictures, images, and other relics of the city brought to light by earlier explorations.

The very worst of these revelations, it must be confessed, are borne out by the *graffiti*. Many of the persons who form the subject of their strictures are described as making immorality their profession. A large proportion of the epithets, too, contain allusions of the darkest and most disgusting character, while the sentiment of some of the *graffiti* themselves exhibits a cynicism at once so gross and so unblushing that we can only understand their presence in a public place by supposing the whole tone of the public mind to be sunk to those lowest depths of hideous and unnatural depravity, of which so awful a picture is drawn in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

The reader will gladly turn with us to the other themes suggested by P. Garrucci's volume. There are few metrical *graffiti*, except of the class to which we have been alluding; nor, in general, do the others seem to contain much that is specially characteristic. Still some of them are amusing.

The following may be supposed to have been written over his empty platter, by some grumbler, just cheated of his supper by the unexpected incursion of a hungry guest, who ate up the dish which had been prepared for himself.

"QUOI [cui] PERNA COCTA EST, SI CONVIVÆ
APPONITUR,
NON GUSTAT PERNAM, LINGIT OLLAM AUT
CACCABUM."

Another pentameter verse betrays a disappointed diner-out, venting his ill-humor against some inhospitable churl who had failed to ask him to dinner, and whom in his indignation he sets down as a barbarian:—

"AT QUEM NON CENO, BARBARUS ILLE MIHI
EST."

Again, a jealous husband or lover warns off his rival in the following puzzling quatrain:—

"QUISQUIS AMAT VENIAT VENERI VOLO FRAN-
GERE COSTAS
FUSTIBUS, ET LUMBAS DEBILITARE BENE."

BERMO EST ILLE MIHI TENERUM PERTUN-
DERE PECTUS
QUOI [cui] EGO NON POSSIM CAPUT ILLUD
FRANGERE FUSTA."

There is a story of an Irishman writing to his mother to inform her that he "had just died and wanted money for his funeral." This wag may be supposed to have stolen the idea from the following grotesque letter; which is further amusing for the drollery with which it mimics the formalities of the fashionable epistolary style of the Augustan age:—

"Pyrrhus C. Heio conlegæ salutem. Molestè fero quia audiui te mortuom: itaque vale."

The *graffiti* of the purely personal class cannot be expected to present much novelty. Whatever of interest they may originally have had must, of course, have depended in great measure on allusions and associations which it is now impossible to realize. They are for the most part, *mutatis nominibus*, just such as the mischievous street-wags of the present day might be supposed to deal in; and tell us that some long-forgotten "Cinthia was a pretty girl," or that some Pyrrhus, now unknown to fame, "was a fine fellow in his day;" that "Primus was as blind as a bat;" or that "Epaphras had lost his hair." An inscription which denounces one Cosmos as a consummate villain for marrying his own daughter, is noticeable for what our youngest schoolboy would condemn as an unpardonable solecism,—

"Cosmus nequitia est MAGNUSSIME: ducet filiam."

But in most cases the interest which these inscriptions originally possessed is lost with the history of the individuals. Some of them clearly must have had a story in their day, and afford endless scope for conjecture and speculation. We cannot doubt, for example, that there was some jest, under a half-defaced fragment which quizes "sheep-faced Lygnus, strutting about like a peacock and taking airs on the strength of his good looks." In like manner, things must have come to a curious pass between Virgula and her Tertius, before she could have brought herself to write up on the wall: VIRGULA TERTIO SUO: INDECENS ES. And we may easily imagine what a town's talk Miccio had become, when a mischievous wag could venture to write: MICCIONIS STATUM CONSIDERATE. But, amusing as such fancies might prove, it would be idle to specu-

late further regarding them. Who Virgula and her Tertius were, and what was the nature of their quarrel, what were Lygnus' little vanities, or what the cause of Miccio's notoriety, must now forever remain a secret.

There are some of these *graffiti*, however, which are sufficiently interesting, even where there is no clue to the allusions which they contain. There is one which, with very little effort of fancy, might supply materials for a regular novel: TENEMUS! TENEMUS! (it bursts out abruptly) RES CERTA; ROMULA HEIC CUM SCELARATO MORATUR! "We have it—we have it—the thing is certain. Romula is staying here with the miscreant!" What a world of romance is hidden in these simple words! How many tender but melancholy recollections do they suggest! Romula, the pride and ornament of her quiet home—her guileless and happy girlhood, the affectionate devotion of her family, the deeper devotion of her betrothed; and then, alas! the approach of the ensnarer—her weakness, her betrayal, her shame, her ignominious flight; the despair of the forsaken lover, the pursuit, its alternate success and disappointment, the recovery of the track of the fugitives, and the final discovery of their guilty retreat.

Nor are there wanting other and less painful sources of interest. It is refreshing, for instance, in the midst of the universal corruption which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Pompeii, to find that the domestic virtues were not quite unknown, and that at least one honest citizen, Primus, was not ashamed to profess that "he loved his wife Missila." In like manner, when we recollect the doom which impended over the city and its inhabitants, it is difficult to read without emotion, even though the name of the writer be unknown, the simple prayer for many happy new years—JANUARIAS NOBIS FELICES MULTIS ANNIS,—uttered perhaps on the very eve of the catastrophe. It is curious, too, to find that the custom which still prevails among ourselves, of securing a place by affixing the name of the occupant, was in full use in the Pompeian amphitheatre. NARCISSUS HIC, or LELIUS NARCISSUS OCCUPAT, may still be read chalked on the benches of the circus, as honorable members among ourselves mark their seat for the night by attaching their card. Another ancient usage may be learned from an inscription which reproaches a certain Rufus, that, whereas the

family of the Vibii, with all their wealth and dignity, never thought of appearing in public with a staff or sceptre in their hands, he, in his arrogance, may be seen daily with this mark of distinction, from the assumption of which his betters had recoiled. These may seem trifling things: but, besides that they tend, each in its own degree, to the elucidation of obscure allusions or doubtful phrases in the poets and historians of ancient Rome, they serve better than many a more solemn, and seemingly more important, document, to realize to the imagination the men and things of the period to which they belong.

And yet it cannot be denied that the want of knowledge as to the individuals is occasionally tantalizing. It is particularly so in the case of a few caricatures, which are not without a dash of rude humor. Most probably there was some amusing history connected with a certain PEREGRINUS, who is represented with a surprisingly developed nose, and who, as he is painted with a laurel crown, must have been a notable in his day. On the other hand, a similar sketch, entitled NASSO (properly *Naso*, for no doubt the pun is intended) FADIUS, represents the hero with hardly any nose at all. These, and almost all the other sketches, it is true, are of the very rudest and most inartistic class. Many of the artists were evidently idle boys, although some of them, in the ambition of immortality, have subscribed their names to their work. There is one, and by no means a bad specimen, representing two horses,—evidently winners in the circus, from the artist's droll conception of representing them carrying palm branches in their mouths,—signed with the words PIN-GIT FORTUNATUS AFER. Another, representing a gladiator of the class called *retiarius* and his antagonist, is marked HINGET ZOZZO. But, with all their rudeness of execution, we must confess that we cannot contemplate even the coarsest of them without great interest. It is startling to stumble upon a rude scratching, by some schoolboy eighteen hundred years ago, of what our own schoolboys still trace under the name of "the walls of Troy," and to find it marked LABYRINTHUS. HIC HABITAT MINOTAURUS; * or to meet with what even yet is regarded as the true lover's

* This scrawl is found on one of the columns of the house of M. Lucretius. A very graphic facsimile of it, in which the colors as well as the form of the original are exhibited, is given by Niccolini, pl. i. fig. 6.

emblem—a heart, with the simple word PSYCE (*Psyche*, "my life,")—roughly scrawled within it. Alas! how soon perhaps was that young life, thus precious in the fond lover's eyes, cut short by the fearful visitation which overwhelmed Pompeii and so many of its inhabitants! Some of the groups, too, have a certain quiet humor in the conception, which is amusing for its own sake. Thus there is a (by no means the least skilful) little sketch of an ass turning a mill, with the words, LABORA, ASEILLE, QUOMODO EGO LABORAVI, ET PRODERIT TIBI. Another similar sketch in a different quarter of the city has written beneath it the significant words VÆ TIBI! And a still larger proportion of the *graffiti*, the subjects of which are gladiatorial, are highly valuable, as illustrating with great clearness many details of the battles of the arena, regarding which considerable uncertainty prevailed. Father Garrucci has collected into four or five plates (x.—xvi.), all the principal gladiatorial subjects; and there is no part of his book which exhibits more learning and ingenuity than the commentary which accompanies these rude, but yet most significant, sketches.

Prefixed to the first of these sketches of the amphitheatre are two documents of no slight interest. The first is a list of gladiators, with the numbers of their victories appended to their names. The second is still more curious, being a programme of the games to be exhibited on a certain day, corresponding with one of our modern play-bills, and detailing the particulars of the sport which might be expected. * This curious document sets forth the name of the purveyor of the games, and enumerates the various matches which were to "come off." First there was to be a *Thrax* pitted against a *mirmillo*; then a match between two *essedarii*; next a *Thrax* was to engage a *retiarius*; and the "event" of the day was to be a fight between a *dimachærus* and *hoplomachus*. Of all or most of these forms of combat, Father Garrucci has collected from various

* These or similar announcements are not uncommon. A curious one, announcing an intended exhibition of wild animals, is given in the "Memorie dell' Accad. Ercolanese," v. 64. HIC VINATIO PUGNABIT, V. K. SEPTEMBRIS. (Hic (hec for heic) venatio pugnabit (for bit) quinto Kalendas Septembris). Another promises a bear-fight. T. PHILIX, AD URSAS PUGNABIT. The phrase *venatio pugnabit* may appear novel; but it was one of the established forms of the language of the amphitheatre.

quarters (not exclusively at Pompeii) illustrative *graffiti*; and although most of them, as specimens of art, are grotesque beyond conception, we do not hesitate to say that these few plates form a more intelligible popular commentary on the details of the gladiatorial profession, than all that has been written on the subject by the critics and antiquaries since the days of Onofrio Panvino. From the first scene to the last,—from the crier at the gate calling out "*Ad amphitheatrum!*" to the unhappy wretch grovelling at the feet of his victorious adversary, and appealing with uplifted finger for the signal of mercy from the spectators,—all is here coarsely, but, for the most part, vigorously and intelligibly, represented. Each of the varieties of gladiatorial battle, as well as all the various stages of the conflict, may be seen in these singular scrawls; and, as they are generally accompanied by inscriptions, it is not difficult to recognize each by its proper characteristics. The most curious form of battle is that of the *retarius* with the *secutor*, of which Father Garrucci's plates contain several examples. The former is seen at one time standing with trident in hand (the only weapon which the law of the battle allows him), watching to fling his net over the head of his adversary as he advances; at another, this attempt having failed of success, the *secutor* is shown in full pursuit after him, while he endeavors to prepare his net for a second throw. And in one at length the *secutor* is represented fairly caught, enveloped in the net, and lying at the mercy of his adversary. The inscription under one of these sketches may remind the patrons of the modern ring of the periodical struggles for the championship which, among ourselves, take place at intervals among brothers of the fancy, as the young blood aspires to share the honors of the elders of the craft. From this curious inscription we learn that Spiculus Neronianus, an untried man (*tiro*), engaged the freedman Aptonetus, who had been victor in no fewer than sixteen battles, and that the *tiro* slew his adversary!

Nor did these rude artists confine themselves to gladiatorial subjects exclusively. We have already seen that some sketches from the circus have been also discovered. P. Garrucci gives a picture of a horseman in pursuit of a stag, which he has just pierced in the flank with his javelin. And, although there is no corresponding drawing, P. Gar-

rucci prints some curious verses in praise of one Septimius, who is said to have enchanted the public by an exhibition of serpents—probably some feats of snake-charming. The writer declares that all spectators without exception, whether play-goers or lovers of the turf, were equally enraptured with the performance of Septimius:—

"Serpentis lusus si qui sibi forte notavit,
Septimius juvenis quos facit ingenio,
Spectator scenæ, sive es studiosus equorum,
Sic habeas lances semper ubique pares."

By a curious fancy these verses are written in a double curved line, so as to imitate, by the very form, the shape and movement of the serpent.

The reader will agree with us in thinking these relics of the lighter moments of Pompeian life the most affecting of all the memorials of that doomed city. It is difficult to carry our thoughts back to sports and gaieties like these, without thinking at the same time of the fearful catastrophe by which they were destined to be so rudely interrupted. The glories of Servilius, with his hundred victories,—the triumphs of Spiculus's maiden blade,—Septimius, the idol of the amphitheatre,—come before us here, like the mouldering remains of "my lord such a one, who praised my lord such a one's horse" in Hamlet. "Where are now their gibes, their gambols, their flashes of merriment?" There is a simple inscription in p. 89, "*HERCULANUM, HERCULANUM*," which one can hardly help regarding as the expression of the writer's sorrow and dismay, when the tidings of the fate of that unhappy city first reached the yet unscathed Pompeians. Alas, how soon was the same fate to be their own! How soon might the same wail be uttered with equal significance over their own devoted city!

Still more moving, perhaps, is a purely domestic record which P. Garrucci has preserved—an inscription which would appear to have been traced by the hand of some thrifty dame or housekeeper, regulating the daily labors of her household, and assigning to each of the female slaves her allotted task at the distaff, the tambour, or the loom. For each is marked her special work. Doris and Heracle are to spin thread for the warp; Januaria and Lalage, for the woof. And the quantity, too, is strictly regulated for each, no less than the quality. To Rufa, Damale, Doris, and Heracle is assigned a single portion; Lalage and Januaria have a double share; while Floren-

tina, who, doubtless, was a first-class work-woman, has no fewer than three *pensa* for her own share of the task!*

Another inscription, which recalls very vividly the realities of the past of Pompeii, is a curious electioneering placard, still distinctly legible, and which might seem to have been the original of those flaming addresses, "Nokes for Member!" or "Vote for Styles!" which decorate our own walls on all similar occasions. The Pompeian placard appeals to a particular class:—

"A. VETTIIUM FIRMIUM ÆD. O. V. F. D. R. P. V.
O. V.
F. PILICREPI FACITE."

The initials of this inscription represent the form of appeal usually adopted in such addresses.† They are thus read in full: *Aulum Vettium Firmitum Ædilem oro vos facite, dignum republicâ virum! Oro vos facite! Pilicrepi Facite!* and contain a request to "elect as edile Aulus Vettius Firmus, a man worthy of the republic;" a special appeal in his favor being addressed to the *pilicrepi* or ball-players, probably as the candidate was a brother of their craft.

We meet many other allusions to the exercise of the *pila*, which appears to have been a favorite one with the Pompeians.‡ Dr. Wordsworth preserves a curious programme of a match at *pila* (which, we believe, has escaped P. Garrucci's notice), specifying not only the challengers and accepters, but also the markers in the game.

"AMIANTHUS, EPAPHRA, TERTIUS, LUDANT CUM HEDYSIO. JUCUNDUS NOLANUS PETAT. NUMERENT CITUS, ET IACUS, AMIANTHUS."

One of the players here enumerated, Epaphras (a name which, as well as that of Tertius, is familiar to us from a very different source, in the Epistles of St. Paul), was evidently a leading notability of the tennis-court, in which he could reckon both enemies and admirers. There is a curious illustration of the doubtful position in public estimation

which he occupied. A *graffito* preserved by Father Garrucci addresses him in terms by no means complimentary to his skill as a player, EPAPHRA, PILICREPIUS NON ES!—plainly informing him that "he was no tennis-player." But, fortunately for his reputation, some friend has recalled this depreciatory judgment, by drawing a line over the offensive words, which, although thus erased, are still distinctly legible.

The same feeling is awakened by numberless other memorials suggestive of various little social or domestic associations. Thus one of the *graffiti* contains a request to a certain Lucilius that he would send the writer "a few figs, such as he had sent on a former occasion," with a caution, however, to see "that they be not scorched by exposure to the sun." Another records that, on a certain day, the writer had lent a set of ornaments to a friend, whose name is specified with all his designations. And so, for many other little details, which, trivial as they are, seem to us to impart a most touching character of reality to the entire scene. We have already alluded to the discovery of amphoræ deeply incrustated with the lees of the wine which was stored in them at the time of the destruction of the city. One of these (containing *Fundanium*, Fundi wine) tells a curious tale of the lengths to which Pompeian wine-fanciers went. It would appear to have been more than half a century old, having the date of the consulship of Cossus Cornelius Lentulus and Marcus Asinius Agrippa (U. C. 777), rudely scratched upon the side. Another is still more flatteringly labelled: LIQUAMEN OPTIMUM, "first-rate liquor."* Some of the wine-shops, as we said, still retain the names of their proprietors: there is one marked TABERNA APPII; and in another case the proprietor, as we see done to the present day, took the precaution of inviting customers even from the next street, by putting up a notice at the corner, ADEAS TABERNAM LIANI AD DEXTERAM.

As regards the habits of the Pompeian toppers we find that some of them "mixed their liquor," others more commonly drank it "neat." Dr. Wordsworth has preserved a

* We fear our critical friends will hardly admit this construction of *liquamen*. More properly it signifies *conserves*, or the liquor in which they were preserved. (See Columella De Re Rustica. vi. 2.) Palladius also (iii. 15.) speaks of "liquamen de piris."

* There is one of these *graffiti* which we fear will give no slight offence to our medical friends. In a list of domestic slaves, with their respective occupations, one of the entries is TYRANNUS MEDICUS. See Guarini, "In Cippum Osco-abellanum," p. 57.

† See the Preliminary Dissertations of the "Volum. Herculansense," p. 66. For examples of this form, see Mommsen's "Unteritalischen Dialekte," Tafel xi.

‡ The same may indeed be said for all the towns of Italy. See Garrucci's "Storia di Isernia, raccolta dagli Antichi Monumenti," p. 153.

very curious appeal for a soothing draught, from a thirsty soul, whose earnestness not even the veriest churl could withstand—*SUAVIS VINARIA SITIT, VALDE ROGO SITIT*; and Cavaliere Avellino has printed another, in which some jolly toper calls for a fresh (*adde*) cup of the famous *Setinum* (Seti* wine), *ADDE CALICEM SETINUM*.† But on the other hand a rude outline scrawled upon a tavern wall, is an evidence that more temperate cups were not without their patrons at Pompeii. In this amusing sketch a customer is represented holding out a glass, with the words *DA FRIDAM (frigidam)*‡ *PUSILLUM*, a clear proof, we should say, if not that teetotalism was in fashion among the Pompeians, at least that the use of "cold with" is an institution which can allege in its favor precedents of most respectable antiquity.

It is to be feared, however, that, as in our modern gin-palaces, the company was not always the most select or the most reputable. So, at least, we infer from a notice scribbled upon his tavern wall by one Varius, announcing that a wine flagon had been stolen from his shop, and offering a reward of sixty-five sesterces for the recovery of the flagon, and of twice that sum for the apprehension of the thief who abstracted it. *URNA VINARIA PERIIT DE TABERNA. SEI EAM QUIS RETULERIT, DABUNTUR H.S. LXV; SEI FUREM QUI ABDUXERIT DABITUR DUPLUM A VARIO.*

We have already said that the *graffiti* which consist of mere names possess but little peculiar or characteristic interest. Indeed we could hardly look for light upon general Roman history in the street-scribblings of a provincial town; and it may be assumed that this entire class of inscriptions at Pompeii is very much what we might still find in similar circumstances among our own population. Sometimes a name is scrawled without any adjunct; sometimes with an epithet of praise or reproach, and of the latter many are coarse

* "Nec facili pretio, sed quo contenta Falerni Testa sit, aut cellis Setia caris suis."

† Mart. x. xxxvi. 6.

‡ One of the *graffiti* on the amphoræ at Pompeii, referred to by Niccolini [Case e Monumenti di Pompei, p. 21.] is *KOR. OPT. "Corecygræum optimum."* But this probably refers to the jar rather than to the wine. The amphoræ of Corecyra were celebrated for their strength and beauty.

† Avellino read this, *Fridam*, and understood it of cooled or iced wine; but Garrucci assures us that the word is clearly *Fridam*, which means cold water.

* "Frigida non desit, non deerit calda petenti."

Mart. Ep. xiv. 95.

and disgusting in the extreme. Sometimes they are accompanied by a greeting or friendly wish on the part of the writer; at other times, by an imprecation or some other ebullition of animosity. *ASELLIA TABESCAS!* "Rot thee, Asellia!" is a curious example of the latter class; and a similar one, *THEONÆ MORBUM*, "Plague on Theonas!" was discovered last year in the substructions of Nero's Golden House at Rome.

The characters of the *graffiti*, as well as the peculiarities of their language and phraseology, are not without considerable interest. P. Garrucci has entered at some length into both questions. We shall endeavor to condense briefly what he has written, modifying, however, in some respects, one or two of the conclusions which he has adopted.

It is difficult to convey any very precise notions as to the palæography of the *graffiti* without the aid of illustrative diagrams. P. Garrucci's plates are very carefully executed, and the *graffiti* in almost all cases have been either copied or collated by himself. We must be content with saying that they comprise three different characters—Greek, Roman, and Oscan; and that in each of the languages, especially the latter two, two different forms of character are employed. Some of the *graffiti*—plainly the handiwork of schoolboys and even of mere children—are simply exercises in the alphabet, one of which exhibits an illustration of Quintillian's precept, that when the boy has written the letters in the direct order, he should be required to write them also in a retrograde one. The Greek and Latin characters of the *graffiti* present no very important palæographical peculiarities. They are precisely identical with the characters in the *Papyri* of Herculaneum;* and they are chiefly valuable as affording some light on the origin and progress of the cursive, as contradistinguished from the quadrate, letters.

P. Garrucci has found that the most ancient of the Greek and Latin *graffiti* are all in the quadrate character. In those of the most recent date the cursive character alone appears; while in the intermediate one the forms are intermixed, in proportions which appear to vary with the antiquity of the writing.

But, as regards the Oscan character, the

* One peculiarity of the Roman *graffito* alphabet is worth noticing, and is perhaps referable to the Greek affinities of Pompeii—the letter E is very frequently II; a near approach to the Greek Η.

graffiti of Pompeii are of the highest interest. It is clear from several of these, which are plainly the work of schoolboys in the very first stages of the calligraphic art, that, as, in the schools at Rome, the Greek and Latin alphabets and languages were simultaneously taught, so, at Pompeii, the Oscan, if it did not hold the place of honor, at least enjoyed equal privileges with Greek in the elementary education of youth. More than one of the Oscan *graffiti* was evidently traced by the graphium of some idle schoolboy. Portions of four different alphabets have been discovered; but Mommsen, who also had observed these alphabets, was only able to decipher the first three letters. Father Garrucci has now deciphered five of them, and by the help of these, as well as of the other *graffiti* which he has examined at Pompeii, eked out by the Oscan remains already known, he has completed the Oscan alphabet in all the various forms which its characters assume at different periods, more satisfactorily than any of his predecessors in this branch of Italic palæography. In several of the *graffiti* the language is Latin, but the characters Oscan. This interchange of characters is common in Greek and Latin inscriptions at Rome, especially in the monuments of the Catacombs, and some examples of it are also found in the Greek and Latin remains of Pompeii; but the phenomena of a threefold interchange is, so far as we know, unique, and it furnishes a very curious example of the prolonged co-existence of distinct races and languages without fusion, in a territory sufficiently populous and of no very remarkable extent. The Greek remains are, however, exceedingly few, and of very little interest or importance. Indeed, the *graffiti* of Pompeii in this respect presents a very remarkable contrast to the literary remains of Herculaneum, and if they stood alone, would go far to contravene the prevailing opinion as to the predominance of the Greek element in the later population of Magna Græcia. The proportion of Greek inscriptions among the Christian monuments of the Catacombs at Rome is far larger. There is not a single Greek verse among the many metrical *graffiti* of Pompeii. We have not recognized one quotation from any Greek author; not a single Greek proverb, nor indeed a single sentence, properly so called, in the Greek language. A few names (in one or two instances with an accompanying epithet, as ἀνίκτος

Ἀχάλλευς), and a few Latin words in Greek characters, are the only traces of Greek origin which these Pompeian *graffiti* present. Even the Greek names which are preserved are deformed by errors of orthography. Thus we meet Ἀπολόνης, Ἀπολώδωρος, and one or two similar blunders, possibly to be explained by the age or the rudeness of the writers.

The Latin *graffiti* are, of course, the most numerous. To the mere classical Latinist their orthography will present many things sufficiently strange; but they do not differ very materially in this respect, from the lapidarian inscriptions of the same age which are met elsewhere. To many of the Christian inscriptions of the Catacombs already alluded to they bear a marked resemblance; except that, among the latter, there are many more evidences of a foreign hand, in the prevalence of Hebrew or Greek idioms, and even of blunders in orthography*, clearly traceable to the foreign origin of the writers. As regards mere grammatical errors, such as false concord and solecisms in government or construction, in which the Latinity of the Catacombs abounds, that of the Pompeian *graffiti* is much more immaculate; and although we do not agree with P. Garrucci that "there are hardly any peculiarities which may not

* There is one peculiarity of Pompeian orthography which deserves special notice, as it may possibly indicate some corresponding peculiarity of pronunciation, if not even of inflection: we mean the tendency to suppress the final consonant. We may refer to a metrical *graffito* (part of which has been already quoted), as an example of this peculiarity. The same *graffito* will also serve as an example of another of the difficulties—that of arrangement—which these compositions present to the decipherer. The tablet, as deciphered literally, presents the following strange puzzle:—

QUISQUIS	FILICITIS
AMA VALIA	ADIAS AS
PIRIA QUI P	PIRI SE
ARCI AMARII	MARTIA
REstantii PII	SITHI VILI
RIA QUISQU	DIINARI
IS AMARII	MAXIMA
VOCIA	CURA TENET.

Now the key to this, and many similar *graffiti*, is simply the restoration of the final consonants. Read by this principle, and distributed into distinct verses, the enigma resolves itself into these lines, which, however questionable their morality, are at least perfectly intelligible:—

"Quisquis amat valeat: periat qui parcat amare.
Restantem periat quisquis amare vocat.
Felicis adeas; percas sed Martia, si te
Vilis denari maxima cura tenet!"

We have already alluded to the use of the characters *II* for *E*, which is common in Pompeian *graffiti*. The transposition of *AS* from the eleventh to the tenth line is clearly an error of the scribe.

be explained by the age of the writers," and that "it is very rare to meet with real solecisms, or words unknown to the lexicographers, which can fairly be regarded as barbarisms," yet a comparison with any similar monuments of the post-Augustan period will show that the number is far less than a scholar who is only accustomed to the Latinity of books, and to the settled orthography of modern editors and orthoepists, would at first sight imagine. We should gladly enter into this part of the subject (which is more important for the philological history of the language, and even for the general theories of language and its fluctuations, than may at first appear) were it not that we have already almost exhausted the space at our disposal. But we can refer, with warm commendation, to P. Garrucci's text, any reader who may be curious in this department of Latin scholarship. P. Garrucci has collected in a tabular form all the peculiarities of orthography,—the interchanges of vowels or of diphthongs, the transmutations of consonants, the omission or duplication of letters, etc., which characterize these remains of the street Latinity of Pompeii. These tables are well worthy of being studied for their own sake, and throw much light on more than one disputed point in the history of the Latin language.

The discovery of Oscan scribblings at Pompeii, especially as some of them are plainly of a date very close to the destruction of the city, makes it clear that the primitive Oscan language maintained itself to a much later period than had commonly been supposed. In the second century before the Christian era, it was certainly spoken commonly throughout most of its ancient seats, and especially in Campania; and even during the Social War, in the beginning of the next century, the coins struck by the allies bore Oscan inscriptions. But it had hitherto been believed that, from this date, the Roman language shared the ascendancy of the Roman arms in southern Italy, at least in all the great centres of Roman influence; and it is not a little singular now to find the Oscan languages in full popularity, down to so late a date, not in a secluded mountain village, or among a primitive population, but in the very seat of Roman fashion and Roman refinement, in the luxurious and bustling city of Pompeii.

Mention has been made more than once of

graffiti lately discovered in other localities, and especially at Rome. Of these, the most important have been found in the substructions of the palace of the Cæsars, recently excavated. It would carry us entirely beyond our allotted limits to describe these in detail. Some of them, indeed, were discovered several years since, and are embodied in P. Garrucci's general collection. But there is one so exceedingly remarkable, and indeed of so deep and peculiar an interest, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over.

The apartment in which it was found is one of several (now subterranean) chambers on the Palatine, which, in the course of the many alterations and extensions of plan during the progress of the building of the palace, were dismantled and filled up in order to form substructions for a new edifice to be erected on a higher level. The light and air being effectually excluded by this process, the walls have remained to this day in a state of preservation little inferior to that of the buildings at Pompeii. The particular apartment in question having been opened in December, 1856, some traces of Greek characters were observed upon the wall; and, on a fuller examination by P. Garrucci, who was attracted to the spot by the news of the discovery, these characters proved to be an explanatory legend written beneath a rude sketch upon the wall, in which P. Garrucci at once recognized a Pagan caricature of the crucifixion of our Lord, and of the Christians' worship of their crucified God. This blasphemous sketch represents a figure with arm uplifted and outstretched (as if in the act of kissing the hand, a recognized attitude of worship or adoration *), turned towards a cross, upon which is suspended a human figure with the head of a horse, or perhaps of an *onager*, or wild ass.

If any doubt can be entertained as to the purport of this sketch, it would be dispelled by the legend underneath:—

ΑΛΕΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ ΣΕΒΕΤΕ [σέβεται] ΘΕΟΝ.

"Alexamenus worships God."

Who this Alexamenus may have been, and what may have been the special occasion (if indeed there were any) of this rude caricature, it is of course impossible now to conjecture. From the name it may be inferred

* See Job, xxxi. 27; 1 Kings, xix. 18; also Juvenal's

—"a facie jactare manus."

that, like a large proportion of the Christians of Rome in the early centuries, he was a Greek, and perhaps a slave. But whatever may be said as to the individual on whom it was meant to be a satire, the singular *graffito* thus unexpectedly brought to light after so many centuries, is at once a most interesting illustration of the struggle between the Christianity of that early age and its yet powerful and contemptuous rival, and a literal verification of one of the most striking passages in the "Apology" of Tertullian. It is impossible to doubt that this blasphemous caricature is, in one of its forms, the actual reality to which Tertullian alludes. It is not alone that this Father defends himself and his fellow-Christians from the general charge of having an ass's head as their God, and that he retorts upon the Pagans themselves their charge against the Christians of "being superstitious respecting the cross," by showing that the Pagans also worshipped the cross, when they erected trophies, or took the military oaths upon their standards; he describes something closely resembling the *very picture which we have here before us in this rude graffito*, as a caricature of the Christian worship which was then popular among the Pagan calumniators. "A new report of our God," he writes, "hath lately been set forth in this city, since a certain wretch hired to cheat the wild beasts, put forth a picture with some such title as this: 'The God of the Christians conceived of an ass.'"

"This was a creature with ass' ears, with a hoof on one foot, carrying a book, and wearing a gown. We have smiled both at the name and the figure. But they ought instantly to adore this two-formed god, because they have

admitted gods made up of a dog's and a lion's head, and with the horns of a goat and a ram, and formed like goats from the loins, and like serpents from the legs, and with wings on the foot or the back."* It is true that Tertullian does not here speak expressly of this figure as being represented upon the cross; but the allusion made by him in the preceding paragraph to the "superstitions of Christians respecting the cross" is quite enough to identify the *graffito* of the Palatine as another variety of the current idea to which Tertullian refers, and as embodying in one single sketch both the popular calumnies—that which represented the Christians' God under this insulting form, and that which ridiculed their folly in worshipping the emblem of his crucifixion.

We forbear to touch the higher associations which this strange discovery presses upon the mind. But even as a purely historical monument, the most unimaginative reader will regard it with the deepest interest. It opens to us, with a distinctness which no written record could supply, a glimpse into those dark days of the infant church, while her divine founder was still "a folly to the Gentile," and while it was still possible to present him to the popular mind of Paganism under that hideous type of *folly* which is here depicted in all its revolting coarseness. If the *graffito* of the palace of the Cæsars reveals much of this, it suggests yet much more; and its unlooked-for discovery seems to afford reason to hope that, from quarters which are least suspected, light may yet be cast upon a period whose social history has hitherto been all but a blank, or at least has only been known in dim and shadowy outline.

* "Apology" (Oxford translation,) p. 39.

CAOUTCHOUC DRIVING BANDS.—Amongst the applications of caoutchouc which show the value of the material, has been its employment in the formation of driving bands. The material has been thus used for many years; but it has been, as is so often the case with the most obvious facts, only at a comparatively late date, that the advantage of the material has been ascertained in the almost boundless scope which it presents in size and strength. No combination of leather can in any degree approach to the newer material, which is, indeed, capable of a magnitude and power limited only by the need. Our attention has been attracted to some recent

examples of this application which show what we mean. In the establishment of Messrs. Dodge, of St. Paul's Churchyard, we have seen a band more than a foot in width, and an inch thick, with a guaranteed breaking strain of more than twenty thousand pounds. While the cost of this band was more than £60, it was between fifty and seventy per cent cheaper than a band of the same strength made in leather. There were two other bands in the same house, still larger; the three, probably, being the largest ever made, even by makers who have already supplied bands to such an extent that the annual consumption amounts to several millions of feet.—*Spectator*.

ON the day during which the events recorded in our last chapter were taking place, the good sorrel horse, with the instinctive sagacity peculiar to his kind, must have been aware that some trial of his mettle was imminently impending. Never before in the whole course of his experience had the same care been bestowed on his feeding, watering, and other preparations for an appointed task; never before had Dymocke so minutely examined the soundness of every strap and buckle of his appointments, inspected so rigidly the state of his shoes, or fitted the bit in his mouth and the links of his curb-chain with such judicious delicacy. Horses are keenly alive to all premonitory symptoms of activity, and the sorrel's kindling eye and dilated nostril showed that he was prepared to sustain his part, whatever it might be, in the impending catastrophe. Dymocke, too, had discarded the warlike air and pompous bearing which he usually affected; he had considerably shortened his customary morning draught, and as he was well known to be a man of few words and an austere demeanor, none of his fellow-servants dared take upon themselves to question him when he left the stable-yard in a groom's ordinary undress, and rode the sorrel carefully out as it were for an airing.

"Patrolling!" quoth Dymocke to himself, as he emerged from the park-gates, and espied at no great distance two well-mounted dragoons pacing along the crest of a rising ground, and apparently keeping vigilant watch over the valley of the Nene below. "A picket!" he added with a grim leer, and a pat on his horse's neck, as the sun glinted back from a dozen of carbines and the same number of steel breastplates drawn up near a clump of trees, where the officer in command flattered himself he was completely hidden from observation. "Well, they've no call to say nothing to me," was his concluding remark as he jogged quietly down towards the river's side, affecting as much as possible the air and manner of a groom training a horse about to run for some valuable stake—a process sure to meet with the sympathies of Englishmen, whatever might be their class and creed, and one which even the most rigid Presbyterian would be unwilling to embarrass or interrupt.

It was a good stake, too, that the sorrel was about to run for—a stake of life and

death, a match against time, with the course marked out by chance, and the winning-post placed by destiny. The steed was sound and trim, his condition excellent, his blood irrefragable: to use the language of Newmarket, would he *stay the distance and get home?*

There was a marshy meadow by the river's brink, which even at this dry season of the year was moist and cool, grateful to the sensations of horse and rider. As the sorrel approached it he snorted once or twice, erected his ears, and neighed long and loudly. The neigh was answered in more directions than one, for dragoons were patrolling the road in pairs, and no less than two outposts of cavalry were distinctly visible. It seemed as though the war had broken out afresh. Dymocke rode quietly round and round the meadow, apparently attending solely to his horse, and an indefatigable angler, who ought ere this to have caught every fish in the Nene, looked up in a startled manner for an instant, and resumed his sport with redoubled energy and perseverance.

Meanwhile, a goodly cavalcade was approaching the half-ruined bridge of Brampton, which here spanned the Nene, and which, although impassable to carriages, admitted of the safe transit of equestrians riding in single file. Bit and bridle rang merrily as the troop wound downwards to the river's side; feathers waved, scarfs and cloaks floated gaudily in the breeze, and gay apparel glistened bright in the summer sun. It was the king and his courtiers bound for their afternoon's amusement at Boughton, discoursing as they rode along on every topic save the one that lay deepest in each man's heart, with that mixture of gay sarcasm and profound reflection which was so pleasing to the sovereign's taste, and hazarding opinions with that happy audacity stopping short of freedom which always met with encouragement from the kindly disposition of the Stuarts.

It seemed to be no captive monarch surrounded by his gaolers that reined his good horse so gallantly in front of the tramping throng; not one of his royal ancestors in the plenitude of his power could have been treated with greater outward show of respect than was Charles by the attendants who spied his most secret actions, and the commissioners who were employed by the Parliament to de-

prive him of his personal liberty. Old Lord Pembroke, riding on his right hand a little in rear of the king, bowed his venerable head to the horse's mane at every observation of his sovereign. The Lords Denbigh and Montague, with the ceremonious grace which they had acquired years before at Whitehall, remained at the precise distance prescribed by etiquette from the person of royalty, and conversed when spoken to with the ready wit of courtiers and the frank bearing of English noblemen. Doctor Wilson as physician, and Mr. Thomas Herbert as groom of the bed-chamber in waiting, made up the tale of the king's personal attendants, whilst servants with led horses and one or two yeomen of the guard, completed the cavalcade.

No armed escort surrounded the king, no outward display of physical force seemed to coerce his will or fetter his actions; yet the Parliament had chosen their emissaries so well that for all their decorous observances and simulation of respect, with the exception of Herbert, not an inhabitant of Holmbury House, from the earl in the presence to the scullion in the kitchen, but was more or less a traitor to his sovereign.

Charles beckoned his groom of the bed-chamber to ride up alongside, and old Lord Pembroke fell respectfully to the rear. It might have been remarked, however, that Montague immediately spurred on and remained within earshot. Herbert was a favorite with the monarch. His affectionate disposition was not proof against that fascination which Charles undoubtedly exercised over those with whom he came in daily contact, and a similarity of tastes and habits, a congeniality of disposition between master and servant, each being of a speculative temperament deeply imbued with melancholy, laid the foundation of a friendship which seems to have been a consolation to the one in the darkest hours of adversity, the pride and glory of the other to the latest day of his life.

"What sayest thou, Master Herbert?" said Charles, laying his hand familiarly on the neck of his servant's horse as he paced slowly down towards the bridge. "Did not the Stoics aver that the wise man is alone a king? and was not their ideal of wisdom the *nil admirari* of the satirist? Did they not hold that it was a quality which made its possessor insensible to pain or pleasure, pity or anger; alike impervious to the sunshine of

prosperity as immovable by the storms of adversity; that the wise man knew neither hope nor fear, neither tears nor laughter; that he was essentially all-in-all to himself, and from his very nature equally a prophet, a priest, a cobbler, and a king?"

"Even so, your majesty," answered Herbert; "and it has always appeared to me that the ox browsing contentedly in his pasture, satisfied to eat and drink, and ruminate and die, approaches more nearly to the philosopher's ideal of wisdom, than Socrates with his convictions of the future, and Plato with his speculations on the soul."

"Right, Master Herbert," answered the king, readily losing himself as was his wont in the labyrinth of abstract discussion which he delighted to provoke. "The two schools of ancient philosophy arrived, but by different paths, at the same destination. 'Eat and drink,' urges the Epicurean, 'for to-morrow you die.' 'Rest and ponder,' quoth the Stoic, 'for there is no reality even in life.' Either maxim is directly opposed to the whole apparent scheme of the natural world. The one would impress you with the uselessness of sowing your grain; the other convince you of the absurdity of reaping your harvest. Did either really prevail among men, the world could scarce go on a year.

"Doth it not show us that without the light of revelation, our own intrinsic blindness leads us but further and further into error? That man, with all his self-sufficient pride, is but a child in leading-strings at his best; that he must have his hopes and fears, his tears and smiles, like a child; and that though he wince from the chastening hand, it deals its stripes in mercy, after all. Yet, Herbert, have I often found it in my heart to envy these callous natures, too. Would that I could either place complete reliance on Heaven, or steel myself entirely against the anxieties and affections of earth. Would that I could keep down the turbulent heart that rises in wrath against the treatment it feels it has not deserved; that longs so wearily for the absent, that aches so painfully for the dead, that cannot stifle its repinings for the past, nor cease to hope in a future which becomes every day darker and more threatening. No tidings, and yet no tidings," proceeded the king in a lower voice, and musing as it were aloud, while his large eyes gazed far ahead into the horizon; "and yet letters may have

been sent, may have been intercepted. I am so watched, so surrounded. Still there might be means. There are loyal hearts left in England, though many are lying cold. Alas, it is a weary, weary world! Yonder is a happy man, Herbert, if you will," added Charles, brightening up, and once more addressing his conversation to his companion. "He has not a care for ought but the business in hand. He is a Stoic, a king, a cobbler—what you will. Good faith! he should be a successful fisherman at the worst: I have watched him for the last ten minutes as we rode along. Doth he see kings and courts every day that he hath not once lifted his head from his angle to observe us, or is he indeed the sage of whom we have been talking—the '*sutor bonus et solus formosus, et est rex?*'"

As the king spoke he pointed to an angler who, having taken up a position on Brampton-bridge, had been leaning there immovable, undisturbed by the noise of the approaching cavalcade, and apparently totally devoid of the two sentiments of admiration and curiosity which the neighborhood of a sovereign is accustomed to provoke.

The man seemed deaf or stupid. He remained leaning against the broken parapet, apparently unconscious of every thing but his rod and line, which he watched vigilantly, with his hat drawn over his brows, and his cloak muffling his face to the eyes.

Lord Montague pressed forward to bid the angler stand out of the way, and leave room for royalty to pass; but the king, who was an admirable horseman, edged his lordship so near the undefended brink of the half-ruined bridge, that Montague was fain to fall back with a bow and an inward thanksgiving that he was not overhead in the river. Etiquette forbade any one else to ride in front of the sovereign, and Charles was consequently at the head of the party, who now defiled singly across the bridge.

The angler's back was turned, and he fished on without looking round.

"By your leave, good man," quoth Charles, who, though somewhat haughty, particularly since his reverses, with his nobility, was ever courteous and good-humored to those of humbler birth; "there is scant room for us both, and the weakest, well we know, must go to the wall." While the king spoke, his

knee, as he sat in the saddle, touched the back of the pre-occupied fisherman.

The latter started and turned round; quick as thought he thrust a small packet into his majesty's hand, and almost with the same movement flung himself upon his knees at the royal stirrup in a paroxysm of pretended agitation and diffidence as unreal as the negligence for which it affected to atone.

Rapid as was the movement, it sufficed for Charles to recognize his trusty adherent. He crumpled the paper hurriedly into his glove.

"Faithful and true!" he whispered, "save thyself!" and added aloud, for the edification of his attendants, "Nay, good man! we excuse thy rudeness on account of thy bodily infirmity. Look that thou be not trodden down by less skillful riders and less manageable steeds."

As he spoke the king passed on to the other side, followed by all his attendants save only the Lord Montague, who had turned back to give directions to a patrol of the parliamentary cavalry which had arrived at the bridge at the same moment as the royal cavalcade, and had drawn up to pay the military compliments due to a sovereign.

The patrol, consisting of two efficient-looking dragoons, were remarkably well-mounted, and armed, in addition to sword and pistols, with long deadly carbines. They listened attentively to Lord Montague's directions; and while his lordship rode off in pursuit of the king and his party, scanning the fisherman as he passed him with a strange look of malicious triumph, each soldier unsling his carbine, and shook the powder carefully up into its pan.

The king looked back repeatedly, as he rose the hill, in the direction of Boughton. Once he beckoned Lord Montague to ride alongside of him.

"We thought we had lost your good company, my lord," quoth his majesty; "what made you turn back down yonder by Brampton Mill?"

"I dropped my glove, your majesty," replied the nobleman, scarcely concealing a smile.

"Whoever picks it up, my lord, will find a bitter enemy!" answered Charles; and he spoke not another word till he reached the great gates of Lord Vaux's hospitable hall.

Meanwhile, the angler resuming his occu-

pation, fished steadily on, glancing ever and anon at the retreating troop of horsemen who accompanied the king. When the last plumed hat had disappeared over the verge of the acclivity, he took his rod to pieces with a deep sigh of relief; and exchanging his slow listless demeanor for one of resolution and activity, strode briskly away with the air of a man who has performed a good day's work, and is about to receive for the same a good day's wages.

He thought, now that he had accomplished his task, he would linger about her residence and see Mary Cave once more—just once more—ere he went into exile again. He trusted none but the king had recognized him; and he had delivered his packet with such secrecy and rapidity that he could not conceive it possible for any other eye to have perceived the movement. He little knew Montague's eagle glance. He little knew that, in spite of his disguise, he had been suspected for more than four-and-twenty hours, and that measures had already been taken for his capture. He would know it all time enough. Let him rest for a moment on the thought of his anticipated meeting with his lady-love. The wished-for two minutes that were to repay the longings and misgivings of as many years, that he must live upon perhaps for another twelvemonth, and be grateful that he has had even such a crumb of comfort for the sustenance of his soul. Strange hunger of the heart, that so little can alleviate, so much fails to satisfy! He walked swiftly on through the fragrant meadows, waving with their long herbage, and bright with buttercups and field-flowers; his head erect, his eye gazing far into the horizon as is ever the glance of those who look forward and not back. Bosville had still a future; he had not yet thoroughly learned the bitterest of all life's lessons—to live only in the past. No; he was a man still, and he had a man's trust and hope, a man's courage and self-reliance, a man's energy and endurance. He would want them all before the sun went down. Suddenly a shout smote upon his ear; a voice behind him called on him to stop and surrender. Halting, and turning suddenly round, he beheld a mounted trooper, the tramp of whose horse had been smothered in the long grass, close upon him; another was nearing him from the river's side. Both had their carbines unslung, and even in the confusion of the mo-

ment he had time to perceive an expression of calm confidence on each man's countenance, as though he was sure of his prey. For an instant his very heart seemed to tighten with a thrill of surprise and keen disappointment; but it was not the first time by a good many that Humphrey had looked a catastrophe in the face, and in that instant he had time to think what he should do. Twenty yards in front of him grew a high luxuriant hedge; in that hedge was a gap fortified by a strong oaken rail. The foremost horseman's hand was almost on his shoulder when he dashed forward and cleared it at a bound. Accustomed to make up his mind in a moment, his first idea was to run under shelter of the fence down to the river, and place the stream between himself and his pursuers, trusting that neither heavily armed trooper would choose to risk man and horse in deep water. Alas, on the opposite bank he spied another patrol gesticulating to his comrades, and watching for him should he attempt to land. In the mean time, his first pursuers, both remarkably well mounted, had ridden their horses boldly over the fence, and were once more close upon his tracks. In another stride he must be struck down and made a prisoner! But, as is often the case, at the supreme moment succor was at hand. Not twenty yards in front of the fugitive stood Hugh Dymocke, holding the sorrel by the bridle. The wily old soldier had anticipated this catastrophe the whole morning, and was not to be taken unawares at the crisis. He had been watching the movements of the fisherman and the patrol, nor, except for a chance shot, had he much fear of the result. With a rush and a bound, like that of some stricken wild deer, Humphrey reached the sorrel and vaulted into the saddle. As he turned the horse's head for the open meadow with a thrill of exultation and delight, Dymocke let go the bridle and hurriedly whispered in his ear, "God speed ye, master! Never spare him for pace; he had a gallop yesterday, and he's fit to run for a man's life!"

Ere the sentence was finished they were a hundred yards off, and the good horse, flinging his head into the air and snatching wildly at his bridle, indulged in a few bounds and plunges in his gallop ere he settled down into the long sweeping stride his rider remembered so well.

With a bitter curse and a shrewd blow

from the butt of his carbine, which Dymocke avoided like a practised tactician, the foremost trooper swept by the old soldier, calling to his comrade in the rear to secure him and take him to head-quarters. Both were, however, so intent on the pursuit that Dymocke, greatly to his surprise, found himself totally unnoticed, and walked quietly home with his usual air of staid gravity, reflecting much to his own satisfaction, on the speed and mettle of his favorite and the probable safety of his young master.

And now the chase began in serious earnest. It was a race for life and death, and the competitors were well aware of the value of the stakes dependent on their own skill and the speed of the horses they bestrode.

Each trooper knew that a large sum of money and speedy promotion would reward his capture of the royalist, whom they had now succeeded in identifying. Each was mounted on a thoroughly good horse whose powers he had often tested to the utmost, and each was moreover armed to the teeth, whilst the fugitive possessed no more deadly weapon than the butt of his fishing-rod, which he had retained unconsciously in his hand. Being two to one they had also the great advantage of being able to assist each other in the pursuit, and like greyhounds coursing a hare, could turn the quarry wherever opportunity offered into each other's jaws. Despite of broken ground, of blind ditches choked with grass, and high, leafy hedges, rich in midsummer luxuriance, through which they crashed, bruising a thousand fragrant blossoms in their transit, they sped fiercely and recklessly on. All along the low grounds by Brampton, where the rich meadows were divided by strong thorn fences, the constantly recurring obstacles compelled Humphrey, bold rider as he was, to diverge occasionally from a straight course, and this was an incalculable advantage to his two pursuers, who, by playing as it were into each other's hands, were enabled to keep within sight and even within shot of the pursued, though the pace at which they were all going forbade any appeal to fire-arms, or indeed to any weapons except the spurs.

But, on emerging from the low grounds into a comparatively open country and rising the hill towards Brixworth, the greater stride and speed of the sorrel began to tell. His condition, moreover, was far superior to that

of the troopers, and it was with a glow of exultation not far removed from mirth, that Humphrey, finding at last a hand to spare with which to caress his favorite, looked back at his toiling pursuers, whose horses were now beginning to show undoubted symptoms of having had enough.

Even in midwinter, when the leaves are off those formidable blackthorns, and the ditches, cleared of weeds and grass, yawn in all their naked avidity for the reception and ultimate sepulture of the horse and his rider, it is no child's play to cross one of these strongly fenced Northamptonshire valleys. Ay, with all the fictitious excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach; though the hounds are streaming silently away a field in front of us; though the good horse between our legs is fresh, ardent, and experienced; though we have already disposed of our dearest friend on his best hunter at that last "double," and are sanguine in our hopes of getting well over yonder strong rail, for which we are even now "hardening our heart" and shortening our stride; though we hope and trust we shall go triumphantly on, from fence to fence, rejoicing, and at last see the good fox run into in the middle of a fifty-acre grass field,—yet for all this we cannot but feel that when we have traversed two or three miles of this style of country, without prostration or mishap, we have effected no contemptible feat of equitation, we have earned for the nonce a consciousness of thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart. And so perhaps it was one of the pleasantest moments of Humphrey's life when he pulled the sorrel into a trot and looked back upon the vale below. The horse snorted and shook his head. He was only breathed by the gallop that had so distressed the steeds of the two Parliamentarians. His master patted him fondly and exultingly once again. What a ride he had enjoyed! how the blood coursed through his veins with the anxiety and the excitement and the exercise. For two years he had not mounted what could be called a horse! certainly not one that could be compared with the sorrel. How delightful it was to feel his favorite bound under him as he used to do, once more! What a sensation to speed along

those rich meadows, scanning fence after fence as he approached it, and flying over the places he had marked out, like a bird on the wing, to the unspeakable discomfiture of the dragoons toiling in his track. How gallantly he had cleared the rivulet that the two soldiers had been forced to flounder through. Well for them that it had shrunk to its summer limits, or they would have been there still. And now in another mile or so he would be safe. His pursuers' horses were too much exhausted even to continue on his track. They would soon lose all traces of him. Near Brixworth village was a cottage in which he had already passed two or three nights whilst waiting to fulfil his mission. Its owner was a veteran who had fought in his own troop at Edge-hill and Newbury, who would think little of imperilling his life for his old officer and King Charles. Arrived at the cottage, he would disguise himself again, and sending the sorrel out of the way, would lie hid till the search was past; he might then venture a few miles from his hiding-place, and at last reach the sea-shore and embark scatheless for the continent. In this manner, too, he would have a chance of seeing Mary once more before he departed.

Trotting gently along, he was thus busily weaving the thread of his schemes and fancies, his hopes and fears, when, alas! the web was suddenly dispelled by a shot! The crafty Parliamentarians finding themselves completely outstripped by the sorrel, and aware of a picket of their comrades stationed close under the village of Brixworth, had turned their attention to driving their quarry as much as possible towards the hill. In this they had been successful, and Humphrey's line of flight had already brought him within a few hundred yards of the enemy's post. As is often the case, however, their strict anxiety to preserve themselves unseen, had somewhat abated the vigilance of their lookout, and Bosville, accidentally changing his direction, narrowly escaped passing the negligent picket without observation or interruption.

But the veterans who pursued him were skilled in all the various practices of war; the leading horseman, quietly dismounting from his jaded steed, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled harmlessly over Humphrey's head,

but the report roused the inattentive sentry in advance of the picket, and the well-known sound of a trumpet rang out within musket range, whilst a dozen horsemen emerging from a clump of trees not two hundred yards to his right, dashed forward at a gallop, with the obvious intention of intercepting or riding him down.

Unarmed as he was, and notwithstanding the number of his foes, Humphrey never lost heart for a moment.

"Not trapped yet, my lads!" he ground out between his teeth, as with a grim smile he caught the sorrel fast by the head, and urged him once more to his speed, reflecting with fierce exultation on the mettle and endurance of his favorite, still going fresh and strong beneath him, and on the "neck-or-nothing" nature of the chase, in which his only safety lay in placing some insurmountable obstacle between himself and his pursuers.

They, for their part, seemed determined to make every effort for his capture, dividing into parties so as to cover as large an extent of country as possible, and so prevent any attempt at turning or dodging on the part of the quarry, and forcing him by this means into a line of difficult and broken ground, such as must at last tell even on the power and stride of the indefatigable sorrel. The two original pursuers, moreover, whose horses had by this time recovered their wind, labored on at a reduced pace along the low grounds, so that a diversion in that direction was impossible.

There was nothing for it but to go straight ahead, and straight ahead he went, laughing a strange, wicked laugh to himself, as he thought of the Northern Water, no mean tributary to the Nene, which was even now gleaming in the distance a mile or so in front of him, and reflecting that if he were once well over such a "yawner" as that, he might trot on and seek safety at his leisure, for not a dozen horses in England could clear it from bank to bank.

He trusted, nevertheless, that the sorrel was one of them. So he spared and nursed him as much as possible, choosing his ground with the practised eye of a sportsman, and bringing into use every one of the many methods which experience alone teaches, and by which the perfect horseman can assist and ease his steed. At the pace he led his pursuers, he cared but little to be out of musket-

shot, and he reserved all the energies both of himself and his horse for a dash at the Northern Water.*

Down the hill they come at headlong pace: the troopers, espying Bosville's object, now tax all their energies to catch him ere he can reach the brook, and spurs are plied and bridles shaken with all the mad recklessness of a neck-and-neck race.

Humphrey's spirits rise with the situation. He longs to give vent to his excitement in a wild "hurrah!" as a man does in a charge, but he is restrained from the fear of maddening his horse, already roused by the shouts and clatter behind him, and pulling harder than his wont. Were he to get the least out of his hand now it would be fatal.

He steadies him gradually till within a hundred yards of the brink, and regardless of his followers' close vicinity, pulls him back almost into a canter—then tightening his grasp on the bridle, and urging him with all the collective energies of knee and thigh and loins, he sets him going once more, the horse pointing his small resolute ears, the rider marking with his eye a sedge patch of the soundest ground from which he intends their effort shall be made.

Straining on his bridle, the sorrel bounds high into the air, the waters flash beneath them, and they are landed safe on the far side with half a foot to spare! Humphrey gives a cheer now, and a hearty cheer it is, in answer to the yell of rage and disappointment that rises from the baffled Parliamentarians.

Was there ever man yet that could "leave well alone?" Alas! that we should here have to record the only instance of bravado

on the part of our hero during the whole of his perilous and adventurous career. What demon prompted him to waste the precious moments in jeering at a defeated foe? Humphrey could not resist the temptation of pulling up to wave an ironical "farewell" to his pursuers. The movement was fatal; in making it, he turned his broadside to the enemy, and half a dozen carbines were discharged at him on the instant. One bullet truer than the rest found its home in the honest heart of the good sorrel. The horse plunged wildly forward, fell upon his head, recovered himself—fell once more, and rolling over his rider, lay quivering in the last convulsions of death.

When Humphrey had extricated himself from the saddle and risen to his feet, he had no heart to make any further effort for his escape. He might perhaps have still had time to elude his enemies even on foot, but the strongest nature can only resist a given amount of difficulty and disappointment. 'Tis the last drop that bids the cup brim over, the last ounce that sinks the laboring camel in the sand.

He was weak, too, from mental anxiety as from bodily privation, from the conflict of his feelings as from the harassing nature of his task. Brave, generous, hopeful as he was, something seemed to give way within him at this last stroke of fortune, and when his captors, after making a long circuit to cross over by a ford, arrived to take him prisoner, they found him sitting on the ground, with the sorrel's head upon his knees, weeping like a woman or a child over the dead horse he had loved so well.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"FOR THE KING."

WE left our honest friend Dymocke, with the sweep of the trooper's carbine still whistling in his ears, sauntering quietly homewards, his grim visage bespeaking more than usual satisfaction, his mental reflections sometimes rising into soliloquy, and taking much such a form as the following:

"Ah! Hugh! Hugh!" quoth the old soldier, apostrophizing the individual whom of

* A fair leap in the present day, when, under its later appellation of the "Brixworth Brook," it spoils many a silk jacket, as the flower of the British army can testify, who, in their modern substitute for Tilt and Tournament, yeclipt "The Grand Military Steeple Chase," plunge into its profound with a reckless haste truly edifying to the less adventurous civilian.

all in the world he should have known best, "there's few of them can hold a candle to thee, old lad! when the tackle's got fairly in a coil. Brave!—there's plenty of 'em brave enough—leastways there's plenty of 'em afraid not to seem so—but it's discretion, lad, it's discretion, that's wanting; and thankful ought thou to be, that thou'st gotten enough for thyself and the whole household. There's not a man of 'em, now, could have managed this business, and not made a botch of it! Take the old lord to begin with. He'd have gone threatening and petitioning, and offering money and what not, till the major was blown just the same as if he'd had him cried in the

market. That's the way with your quality; they can't abide to see a thing stand simmering; they must needs go shaking the frying-pan, and then they wonder that all the fat's in the fire! The women! I'll not deny but the women are keen hands at plotting and planning, and many's the good scheme they hit upon, no doubt, but where *they* fail is in the doing of it. It's 'not now!' or 'I'm so frightened!' or a fit of crying just in the nick of time; and then the clock strikes, or the bell rings, and it's too late. For the women must either wait too long, or else they'll not wait long enough, so it's as well they wasn't trusted to have any thing to do with it. As for the steward, it's my opinion he's a rogue! and a rogue was never good for any thing yet that wanted a bit of 'heart' to set it straight; and the rest of 'em's fools one bigger than another, there's no gainsaying *that*.

"No! there was just one man that *could* do it, and he's gone and *done* it. To think of the sense of the dumb animal, too! Never but once did he neigh the whole blessed morning, though there was his master fishing within a pistol-shot of him; and every time he came by the turn of the meadow, he laid his ears back, as much as to say, 'I see you! I am ready for you when you want me.' Ready! I believe he *was* ready. I should know a good horse when I'm on him; but the way he came round the park with me yesterday afternoon—Oh! it's no use talking. A hawk's one thing, and a round shot's another; but he's the fastest horse in Northamptonshire at this blessed moment, and well he need to be. St. George! to see the example he made of those two! and the major sitting down upon him so quiet, the way I always told him I liked to see him ride, popping here, and popping there, with the horse as steady as a psalm-singer, and every yard they went the soldiers getting further and further behind. Well, the ladies will be best pleased to hear the major's safe off, no doubt of that; and my pretty Faith, she wont cry her eyes out to see *me* come back in a whole skin—poor little woman! she hasn't the nerves of a hen. It was a precious coil, surely, and precious well I've got 'em all out of it. There's few things that can't be done by a man of discretion, 'specially when he's got the care of such a horse as *that*!"

Dymocke had arrived at home by the time he reached this conclusion. His self-satisfac-

tion was unbounded. His triumph complete, It was well for him that his powers of vision were limited by distance—that he possessed no intuitive knowledge of the events of the day. It would have broken honest Hugh down altogether to know that the good sorrel was lying within four miles of him, down there by the Northern Water, with a bullet through his heart.

But the news he brought was right gladly received by every one of the anxious inhabitants of the old house at Boughton.

"Safe!" shouted Sir Giles with a loud "hurrah!" that shook the very rafters of the hall. "Ay! safe enough, no doubt, with that good horse beneath him, if he did but get a fair start! We'll drink the sorrel's health, my lord, this very night, after the king's."

"Safe," echoed Lord Vaux; "delivered out of the jaws of death. Blood has been shed more than enough in these disastrous times, and I thank a merciful Providence that his young life has been spared."

"Safe," repeated Grace Allonby, with a sparkling glance at her father, and the old smile dimpling her triumphant face. "Far out of danger by this time, and perhaps not recognized, after all."

"Safe," whispered Mary Cave, keeping out of observation as much as possible, her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, and her eyes looking up to heaven, filled with tears.

When the intelligence thus reached them, the party were assembled in the great hall immediately subsequent to the king's departure. Whilst honored by the presence of royalty, Dymocke had no opportunity of communicating with any of the family, and being, as he himself opined, a particularly discreet individual, he wisely abstained from dropping the slightest hint of his errand that might in any way compromise his employers, or afford a clue to his connection with the fugitive fisherman.

Even Faith was not esteemed worthy of his confidence till he had made his report to her superiors; and to do her justice, that deserving damsel was so much taken up by the presence of royalty, and her own multifarious duties of assisting to provide refreshments for the attendants who waited on the king, that the only notice she vouchsafed her admirer was a saucy inquiry as to whether "he had been courting all the morning?" to which Hugh replied with a grim leer, "It was like

enough, since he confidently expected to be married next month ; " whereat she blushed, and bade him " go about his business," returning with much composure to the prosecution of a demure flirtation, on which she had even now entered, with a solid and sedate yeoman of the guard.

The king's visit was short and ceremonious enough. His manner to Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby was as gracious as usual, the few words he addressed to the young ladies kindly and paternal as his wont ; but his majesty was evidently pre-occupied and ill at ease ! The intelligence he had that morning received from Mary harassed and disturbed him, though indeed, somewhat to her surprise, he had made no further allusion to it, and indeed addressed but a few commonplace remarks to that lady.

It was evident to her that he was brooding over the threatened violation of his personal liberty, which was in effect about to take place that same night, and that this apprehension united with other causes to make him very anxious and unhappy. The letter from the queen, which Humphrey had delivered at such risk, was also unsatisfactory and distressing. He had looked for this epistle for weeks, and when it came at last, behold ! he had been happier not to have received it.

It is often thus with subjects as well as kings.

Under these circumstances, Charles was unable, according to his custom, to forget all other considerations in the trifles on which he was immediately employed—could not as usual throw himself heart and soul into the fluctuations of the game, as though life offered no other interests than a bowl and bias—did not, even for the short half-hour of his relaxation, succeed in stifling the bitter consciousness that he was a prisoner, though a king.

With his usual grave demeanor and mild, dignified bearing, he played one set with the old Earl of Pembroke and a few others of his *suite*, Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby standing by to hand his majesty the implements of the game, and then taking his leave with a sad and gentle courtesy, the monarch called for his horses to depart, resisting his host's humble entreaties that he would re-enter the house and partake of a collation ere he rode.

Walking down the terrace to the gate at which his horses awaited him, accompanied

by Lord Vaux and the two ladies, and followed at the prescribed distance by his personal attendants, a damask rose-tree, on which Mary had expended much time and care, caught the king's attention, and elicited his admiration, tinged as usual with the prophetic melancholy that imbued his temperament.

" 'Tis a fair tree and a fragrant," observed Charles, stopping in his progress ; " grateful to those who, like myself, love the simple beauties of a garden better than the pomp and splendors of a court. In faith, the husbandman's is a happier lot than the king's. Yet hath he, too, his anxieties and his disappointments. Frosts nip the hopes of his earliest blossoms ; and the pride even of successful maturity is but the commencement of decay."

As the king spoke, Mary from an impulse she could not resist, plucked the handsomest flower from its stem, and presented it to her sovereign. He accepted it with the grave courtesy peculiar to him.

" If we ever meet at Whitehall, Mistress Mary," said Charles, with his melancholy smile, " neither you nor I will forget the blood-red rose presented to me this day by the most loyal of all my loyal subjects. Had other hearts been true as yours," he added, in a low solemn voice, " I had not been a mimic king, soon to lose even the shade and semblance of royalty."

As he spoke, with a courtly obeisance he mounted his horse and departed, riding slowly and dejectedly, as though loth to return to his palace, where he already anticipated the insults and humiliations to which he was about to be subjected.

She colored deeply with gratified pride, and a sense of duty strenuously and consistently fulfilled. Poor Mary ! it was the last act of homage she was destined ever to pay the sovereign in whose cause she would cheerfully have laid down her life. The damask-rose was fresh and bright and fragrant—the very type of beauty and prosperity, and a worm was eating it away, silently and surely at the core.

After the king's departure, however, Dymocke's intelligence was imparted to rejoice the hearts of the somewhat dejected Royalists. When people are thoroughly " broken in," so to speak, and accustomed to misfortune, it is wonderful how small a gleam of comfort serves to shed a light upon their track, and

dissipate the gloom to which they have become habituated. Every thing goes by comparison, and a scrap of broken meat is a rich feast to a starving man; nevertheless, the process of training to this enviable state is painful in the extreme.

So the ladies sauntered out into the park, and enjoyed the balmy summer afternoon, and the luxuriant summer fragrance of leaf and blossom, and the hum of the summer insects all astir in the warmth of June. Grace laughed out merrily, as she used to do years ago; and Mary's step was lighter, her cheek rosier than it had been of late as they discoursed. The king's visit, and the peculiarities of the courtiers, formed their natural topics of conversation; but each lady felt a weight taken from her heart, and a sensation of inexpressible relief which had nothing to do with kings or courtiers, save in as far as the actions of those important personages affected the fortunes of one Major Humphrey Bosville.

We must now return to that adventurous gentleman, gradually awakening to a sense of his situation as he sat on a raw-boned troop-horse between two stern-visaged Round-head dragoons, his elbows strapped tight to his sides, his feet secured beneath his horse's belly; and notwithstanding such impediments to activity, his attempts to escape, if indeed any were practicable, threatened with instant death by his rigorous custodians.

The major accepted it as a compliment that not less than eight men and a sergeant were esteemed a sufficient force to secure the person of the unarmed fisherman. This formidable escort was commanded by his old acquaintance, "Ebenezer the Gideonite," who still slung his carbine across his back in the manner that had once saved his life; and who, to do him justice, bore his old antagonist not the slightest malice for his own discomfort on that occasion. It was composed, moreover, of picked men and horses, from the very flower of the Parliamentary cavalry.

Humphrey rode in the midst of them, and tried to recall his scattered senses, and realize the emergency of his present position.

Weak and worn-out, we have already said that after his horse was shot he had fallen an easy prey to his pursuers. When brought before the officer in command of the party that had captured him, he was neither in a mood nor a condition to answer any questions that might be put. The subaltern's orders, however, seemed sufficiently peremptory to absolve him from the vain task of cross-examining a fainting and unwilling prisoner. In the event of capturing a certain mysterious agent described, he was strictly enjoined to forward him at once to the Parliament, with as much secrecy and despatch as was consistent with the security of the captive. So after providing Humphrey with the food and drink of which he stood so much in need, and suffering him to take a short interval of repose, whilst men were mustered and horses fed, the officer started prisoner and escort without delay on the road to London.

Thus it came to pass that while Grace Alonby and Mary Cave were taking their afternoon stroll through the park at Boughton, Humphrey Bosville and his escort were winding slowly down the hill on the high-road to the metropolis.

The major's eye brightened as he caught sight of their white dresses, and recognized the form of the woman he had loved so long and so dearly. He started with an involuntary gesture that brought the hands of his guardians to trigger and sword-hilt. Although at a distance, it was something to see her just once again.

The ladies were turning homewards when, startled by the tramp of horses, both were aware of an armed party advancing in their immediate vicinity. An unconscious presentiment prompted each at the same moment to stop and see the troop pass by. The captive's heart leaped within him as he rode near enough to scan every lineament of the dear face he might never hope to look upon again.

"They have a prisoner!" exclaimed Mary, turning as white as her dress. "God's mercy! it is Humphrey."

Not another word did either speak. They looked blankly in each other's faces, and Grace burst into a flood of tears.

THE soft June night sank peacefully upon Holmby Palace, with all its conflicting interests, all its complications of intrigue and treachery, as it sank upon the yeoman's adjoining homestead, and the shepherd's humble cottage in the vale below. The thrush had finished the last sweet tones of her protracted even song, and not a sound disturbed the surrounding stillness, save an occasional note from the nightingale in the copse, and the murmur of a fountain playing drowsily on in the garden. Calmly the stars shone out in mellow lustre, looking down, as it seemed, mild and reproachful on the earthworms here below. What are all the chances and changes, all the sorrows and struggles, of poor groveling mortality in the sight of those spirit eyes? Age after age have they glimmered on, careless as now of man's engrossing troubles and man's predestined end. They shone on Naseby field, whitening in their faint light, here a grinning skull, there a bleached and fleshless bone turned up by the hind's careless ploughshare, or the laborer's busy spade, as they shone on Holmby Palace, stately in its regal magnificence, sheltering under its roof a circle of plotting courtiers, with a doomed king; and their beams fell the same on both, cold, pitiless, and unvarying. What are they, these myriads of flaming spheres? Are they worlds? are they inhabited? are they places of probation, of reward, of punishment? are they solid anthracite, or but luminous vapor? material masses, or only an agglomeration of particles? Can their nature be grasped by the human intellect, or defined in the jargon of science? Oh, for the child's sweet simple faith once more, that they are but chinks in the floor of heaven, from which the light of eternal day shines through!

The king was preparing to retire for the night. Notwithstanding all the anxieties and apprehensions that had arisen from the warning he had that morning received—notwithstanding the reception of his queen's letter—a document by no means calculated to soothe his feelings or alleviate his distress—the force of habit was so strong that the numerous preparations for his majesty's "coucher" were made with as scrupulous an attention to the most trifling minutiae as when he was endued with all the pomp of real royalty and conscious of actual power long ago at Whitehall.

After "the word for the night" had been given, a word which it seemed a mockery to ask the prisoner himself to select, and the other attendants had been dismissed, after Doctor Wilson had paid his customary visit and received to his respectful inquiries the customary answer that nothing was amiss with the royal health, preserved as it was by rigid and undeviating temperance, Mr. Herbert, as groom-in-waiting, presented the king with an ewer and cloth, making at the same time the prescribed obeisance, and setting a night-lamp, consisting of a round cake of wax in a silver basin, on a chair, proceeded himself to retire to the couch prepared for him in a small ante-room opening into the apartment occupied by his majesty, so that the king might not, even in the watches of the night, be left entirely alone.

We have often thought that this habit of being constantly, to a certain extent, before the public, may account in a great measure for the fortitude and dignity so often displayed in critical moments by sovereigns who have never before been suspected of possessing these Spartan virtues. Never, like a humbler individual, in his most unguarded hours of privacy entirely throwing off the character which it is his duty to sustain, a sovereign, even a weak-minded one, acquires a habit of reticence and self-command which becomes at last second-nature; and he who is every day of his life obliged to appear a hero to his *valet de chambre*, finds little difficulty in sustaining the part to which he is so well accustomed under the gaze of a multitude, even in a moment of general confusion and dismay.

As Herbert backed respectfully from the room, the king recalled him, as though for a few minutes' confidential conversation.

"Herbert," said he, taking up at the same time his jewelled George and Garter, which, with his customary attention to trifles, he insisted should be placed near his bed-head, "Herbert, you are becoming negligent; you have omitted to lay these gauds—empty vanities that they are!—in their accustomed place. Also this morning you neglected to observe the command I gave last night."

His majesty spoke with a grave and somewhat haughty air, which concealed a covert smile.

The attendant, in some confusion and no

little surprise at the unusual displeasure of the king's tone, admitted that he had aroused his majesty five minutes too late, and pleaded in extenuation the usual excuse of a discrepancy amongst the clocks. The king preserved an ominous frown.

"You are aware," said he, "that I never pardon a fault, nor overlook even the most trifling mistake. Have you not often heard me called harsh, vindictive, and exacting? I have prepared your punishment; I trust it will admonish you for the future. Here is a gold watch," he added, his assumed displeasure vanishing at once in a hearty burst of laughter at the scared expression of his attendant's countenance, "a gold alarm-watch, which as there may be cause shall awake you. Wear it for Charles Stuart's sake; and years hence, perhaps when he is no more, may it remind you of the stern, unkindly sovereign, who albeit he valued to the utmost the affection and fidelity of his servant, could not pass over the slightest omission without some such token of his displeasure as this."

So speaking, and good-humoredly pushing Herbert from the room, he bade him a cordial "good-night," leaving his groom of the bedchamber more devoted to his person, if possible, than before.

Such was one among many instances of Charles' benevolent disposition; such little acts of kindness as this endeared him to all with whom he came in daily contact, and the charm of such a temperament accounts at once for the blind devotion on the part of his followers, commanded by one who was the most amiable and accomplished of private gentlemen, as he was the most injudicious and inefficient of kings.

Musing upon the fortunes of his master, and regretting in his affectionate nature his own powerlessness to aid the sinking monarch, Herbert fell into a broken and disturbed slumber, from which, however, he soon awoke, and observed, somewhat to his dismay, that the king's chamber was in perfect darkness. The door of communication being left open in case his services should be required during the night, the attendant's first impulse was to rise and relight the lamp, which he concluded had been accidentally extinguished. He was loth, however, to disturb the king's rest, and whilst debating the point in his own mind, fell off to sleep. After a short slumber he was again aroused by the king's voice calling

to him, and was surprised to see that the lamp had been rekindled.

"Herbert," said his master, "I am restless and cannot sleep. Thou wilt find a volume on yonder table; read to me, I prithee, for a space. It may be the good bishop's discourses will lull me to repose. Thou too art wakeful and watchful. I thank thee for thy vigilance in so readily rekindling my light, which had gone out."

Herbert expressed his surprise.

"I have not entered your majesty's chamber," said he. "I have never left my couch since I lay down; but being restless, I observed your majesty's room was dark, and when I woke even now reproached myself that your majesty must have risen to perform a duty that should have devolved upon your servant."

"I also awoke in the night," replied the king, "and took notice that all was dark. To be fully satisfied, I put by the curtain to look at the lamp. Some time after I found it light, and concluded then that thou hadst risen and set it upon the basin lighted again."

Herbert assured his majesty it was not so.

Charles smiled, and his countenance assumed that mystical and rapt expression it so often wore.

"I consider this," said he, "as a prognostic of God's future favor and mercy towards me and mine—that although I am at this time so eclipsed, yet either I or they may shine out bright again!"

Even as he spoke a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, communicating as it did with a back staircase that led to a private entrance into the court. Sounds of hurry and confusion at the same time pervaded the palace, and the tramp of horses, mingled with the clash of steel, was distinctly audible outside the walls. Major-General Browne's voice was heard, too, above the confusion, calling on the few yeomen of the guard and other officials who formed the garrison to "stand to their arms," exhorting them at the same time to preserve the king's person from injury, and the majesty of the Parliament, as represented by the commissioners, from insult. Meantime, Mawl, Maxwell, and Harrington, all personal attendants of the sovereign, rushed to his bedchamber, scared, pale, and half dressed, but ready, if need were, to sacrifice their lives in defence of the king.

Charles alone preserved his usual com-

posure. The knocking at the door of his private apartments being violently repeated, he desired Maxwell to hold converse with this unmannerly disturber of his repose. Reconnoitring the assailant through a panelling in the door, the old courtier was horrified to observe a cornet of the parliamentary dragoons standing at the head of the stairs in complete armor, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and clamoring for admittance.

The dialogue was carried on with a military sternness and brevity shocking to the prejudices of the gentleman-usher, more accustomed to the circumlocutions of diplomacy and the compliments of a court.

"What would you?" inquired Maxwell, through the panelling. "Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?"

The cornet was a stout, resolute-looking man, with all the appearance of having risen from the ranks. His voice was deep and harsh, his countenance of that dogged nature which sets argument and persuasion alike at defiance. His answers were short and categorical.

"I would see Charles Stuart," he replied. "My name is Joyce, cornet in the service of the Parliament. I am here on my own responsibility."

"Have you the authority of the commissioners for your intrusion?" gasped out Maxwell, totally aghast at the unheard-of breach of etiquette, in which he felt himself aiding and abetting.

"No!" thundered the cornet; "I have placed a sentry at the door of every man of them. Keep quiet, old gentleman—I take my orders from them that fear neither commissioners nor Parliament."

In effect, the cornet's entrance into Holmby House, and his rapid occupation of every post in its vicinity, as of the palace itself, had been achieved in a masterly manner, that showed him to be no inexperienced practitioner in war.

With a numerous body of cavalry at his disposal, he had been all day occupied in concentrating them silently and stealthily around the beleaguered palace. His main body had that afternoon bivouacked on Harleston Heath, strong pickets had been placed in every secluded spot which admitted of concealment within a circuit of a few miles, and constant patrols had been watching every road by which an escape from Holmby was practica-

ble. As darkness fell, he had pushed forward his several posts to one common centre, and by the hour of midnight a summer moon shone down on the courtyard of Holmby Palace, filled with a mass of iron-clad cavalry whose numbers rendered resistance hopeless and impossible.

Colonel Graves and General Browne, however, two old parliamentary officers, seemed to have had some inkling that an attack was meditated; for without any apparent reason, they had doubled the guards around the king's person, and contrary to their wont, had remained astir till midnight. When the first files of the approaching cavalry marched into the court, they had called upon the handful of soldiers and yeomen that formed the garrison to resist to the death, and had themselves held a parley with the redoubtable cornet. When asked his name and business, he had replied, with the same bluntness that so discomfited Maxwell, that "his name was Joyce, cornet in Colonel Whalley's regiment of horse, and his business was to speak with the king."

"From whom?" said Browne, with rising indignation.

"From myself!" replied the cornet, with provoking coolness.

The two old soldiers burst into a derisive laugh.

"It's no laughing matter," said the unabashed intruder. "I came not hither to be advised by you, nor have I any business with the commissioners. My errand is to the king, and speak with him I must and will."

"Stand to your arms," exclaimed Browne, to the handful of soldiers inside the palace; but these had in the mean time held some conference with the intruders, and finding that they all belonged to the same party, and that several were old comrades who had charged together many a day under the same banner, they refused to act against their friends, and drawing bolts and bars, admitted them without further parley, bidding them welcome, and shaking them cordially by the hand.

Thus it was that the cornet obtained admittance even to the very door of his majesty's bedchamber. A certain sense of propriety, however, which almost always accompanies the responsibility of a command, forbade him from offering any further violence, and with a most ungracious acquiescence he consented to

leave the king undisturbed till morning, stipulating, however, that he should himself take up a position for the night on the staircase, which in effect he did, being with difficulty persuaded to lay down his fire-arms and return his sword to its sheath.

Charles sought his couch once more in that frame of placid helplessness which seems usually to have taken possession of him when in the crisis of a difficulty. He slept soundly, and awoke with characteristic regularity, little before his ordinary hour. His toilet was performed with elaborate care, his devotions not curtailed of a single interjection, his poached egg and glass of fair water leisurely discussed, and then, but not till then, his majesty expressed his readiness to hold an interview with the personage who seemed to have power of life and death over his sovereign.

The king's simplicity of manner, and quiet, dignified bearing, overawed even the rough and low-born officer of the Parliament. Half ashamed of his insolence, half bullying himself into his naturally offensive demeanor, Cornet Joyce was ushered into the presence with a far different aspect from that which he had assumed the night before. Such is the innate dignity afforded by true nobility of soul, and Charles and his captor seemed to have changed places. The king appearing to be the offended though placable judge, the cornet wearing the sullen, apprehensive, and abashed look of a guilty prisoner.

Charles' good nature, however, soon restored the official to his self-possession, and by an easy transition, to a large portion of his original insolence. In reply to the monarch's gentle interrogative as to the cause of the last night's outrage, he answered boldly, "My orders are to remove your majesty at once, without further delay."

This frank avowal created no small dismay in the little circle then assembled in his majesty's outer apartment. Herbert turned pale, and trembled. Maxwell, as red as fire, seemed to doubt the evidence of his senses; whilst General Browne, stepping aside into the recess of a window, swore fearfully for five consecutive minutes, in tones not loud but deep.

The king remained totally unmoved.

"Let the commissioners be sent for," said he, with a dignified air, "and let these orders be communicated to them."

The cornet was fast recovering his former audacity. "I have taken measures with them

already," said he; "they are in watch and ward even now, and must return, will they, nill they, to the parliament."

"By whose authority?" demanded the king, sternly, but with visible uneasiness.

The cornet shook his head, laughed rudely, and pointed with his forefinger to his own coarse person.

"I would ask you, sir, as a favor," said the king, "to set them at liberty; and I demand, as a right," he added, drawing himself up, and flushing with a sense of impotent anger and outraged dignity, "to be permitted a sight of your instructions."

"That is easily done," answered Joyce, "if your majesty will take the trouble to step as far as this window."

And opening the casement, he pointed into the courtyard below, where indeed was drawn up as goodly a squadron of cavalry as the whole parliamentary army could boast, well armed, well mounted, bold and bronzed, with stalwart frames and stern, unflinching faces, possessed, moreover, of the self-confidence and disciplined valor inspired by a career of hard-won victories. They were the same material, some of them the same men, that confronted Charles at Edge Hill, routed him at Marston Moor, and finally vanquished him at Naseby. The finest cavalry in the world, and, bitterest thought of all, his own subjects. The king's heart was sore as he looked down into the court, but he had played the part of royalty too long not to know how to dissemble his feelings, and he turned to the cornet with a smile as he said,—

"Your instructions, sir, are in fair characters, and legible without spelling. The language, though somewhat forcible, is sufficiently intelligible, and admits of no further argument. I am ready to attend your good pleasure, with this proviso, that I stir not unless accompanied by the commissioners. You have had your audience, sir; you may withdraw."

The cornet, somewhat to his own surprise, found himself making a respectful obeisance and retiring forthwith; but the king's coach was ordered to be got in readiness without delay, and that very day Charles Stuart, accompanied, as he had stipulated, by the commissioners, commenced the journey which led him, stage by stage, to his final resting-place—the fatal window at Whitehall—the scaffold and the block.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WHEN Moses' rod,
By the power of God,
Tore from its depths th' affrighted wave,
Did your courage sink
As ye reached the brink
Of the sand that covered the seamen's
grave?

What wonders met
Your eyes, all wet
With tears the coral branches weep?
Or rapt in thought,
Beheld ye naught
But the crystal walls of the stricken deep?

Ye turn an eye
To the rampart high
Of your straight and deep untrodden lane,
For flowers are there
Of a kind so rare,
That ye ne'er shall see their like again.

There are lofty trees
That the wooing breeze
Of heaven has never kissed before,
Whose every nest
Is a home of rest
For beings your eyes shall meet no more.

Oh, hurl a dart
To the beating heart
Of the serpent gliding swift away!
'Twere worth a world
To watch, unfurled,
Those shining folds in the light of day.

Oh, grasp! Oh, grasp,
With a miser's clasp,
The nameless things that round you lie;
Bring up, bring up
Th' enamelled cup
Of coral of deepest scarlet dye!

But vain for speech
To strive to reach
The hearts of men so drowned in awe;
Enough for them
To touch the hem
Of the ocean's skirts as his feet withdraw.

When his rocky bed
Shall again be spread
To mortal view, a stranger sight
Shall fill our eyes
Than the changing dyes
Of the creeping thing or the coral bright.

Where there shall be
No covering sea,
This ground shall shake from coast to
coast,
And a rising band
Shall heave the sand,
And follow the tread of a mightier host.
Each hand a blade
Shall grasp o'erlaid
With leaves and flowers of the ocean's
giving,

Through the calm and strife
Of a world's long life—
Like death in the clasp of the fondly living.

And ah! when we
Shall cross the sea,
Our promised land of rest to find,
There is a path
From Pharaoh's wrath
For us who leave our bonds behind.

The Son of God,
With outstretched rod,
Again commands the waves to sever,
And every sin,
As it followed in,
Is lost in that tideless deep forever.

R. R.

—Chambers's Journal.

CHEERFULNESS.

NOTHING upon the earth forever grieves;
No bird forever sad and songless lives:
Even the poor small worm
Puts on, before he dies, his glorious form,
And, for a little space,
Chases the sunbeams round the mountain's
face.

The rose that has been ruffled by the storm
Droops not for aye her leaves;
After the rain,
She lifts her tearful head, radiant again.
Yea! not forever bow the autumn sheaves—
Though weighted from above,
As hearts are with their love,
With all the riches that the heaven gives;
Sometimes, on sunny days,
A gentle wind will raise
Their golden ears, ripe for the garner's eaves.
The chilly frost before the warm sun yields;
When the cloud-shadows hang above the
fields,

They linger not—
Look once again—sunlight is on the spot!

F. C. W.

—Chambers's Journal.

SONNET TO WHITTIER.

O POET, when thy spirit age is cast
In sadd'ning contemplation over earth,
And seest still in man the same great dearth
Of brother-love thou sawest in days past;
Deem never that thy labor hath been vain—
Thy years of wrestling with misdeed and wrong!
Truth with the generation groweth strong,
And age increaseth injured freedom's train,
And few of all the marshalling array
But something of their spirit owe to thee,
For, through the darkest night, thy lofty lay
Did fearless breathe to man of liberty.
And when, O poet, thou but dust shall be,
Will live thy strains, man's priceless legacy!

WM. P. TOMLINSON.

N. Y., November 7, 1859.

—Evening Post.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Diary of a Visit to England in 1775, by an Irishman (the Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell), and other Papers by the same hand. Edited with Notes by Samuel Raymond, M.A., Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Sydney: 1854.

THE interest excited in us by this singular little volume may be compared to the pleasure and surprise caused by the discovery on some distant shore of a pebble fashioned by the hand of man into the likeness of well-known features or of a familiar object. Curious in itself, it becomes a thousand times more curious from the strange and perplexing circumstances under which it is found and restored to us. We have not often had an opportunity of exercising our critical jurisdiction upon the literary products of the Antipodes. Australia is more productive of gold nuggets than of authorship; and the nation, which is fast rising to greatness and to power in that wonderful continent, must still be content to shine for two or three generations with light reflected from the literary intelligence of the mother country. This literary nugget is certainly no exception to this remark, for its value consists in the fact that it is no product of Australia, but a genuine memorial of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, flung by the waves of fortune on the distant coast of a region of which Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale had scarcely heard. Yet such as it is, Boswell would eagerly have incorporated it in his Journal—Mr. Croker would have made the voyage to New South Wales to obtain a sight of it—and Mr. Nichols would gladly have enrolled it in his literary illustrations of the eighteenth century. It is, in short, a perfectly authentic, but hitherto unknown fragment of the Johnsonian collections, which tallies with the other records of that society in which we seem to have lived some eighty or ninety years back; and it adds several spirited and humorous touches by another hand to those figures on whom Boswell has already conferred a biographical immortality.

Fortunate it is that a manuscript thus thrown across the globe by the perversity of fate, should have fallen at last into the hands of a gentleman so well able to appreciate and to illustrate it as Mr. Raymond, the Prothonotary of the supreme court of New South Wales. There he doubtless had not access to all the materials of literary history which may

enable us to add something to the history of his discovery. But with the assistance of Boswell and Sylvanus Urban (who are evidently held in deserved repute by the Antipodeans) he has contrived to throw considerable light on this remarkable document—to establish the identity of the author—to explain many of the contemporary allusions—to expose another of Mr. Croker's blunders—and to produce a little volume of very great merit and interest.

This manuscript lay—we know not how long—in a dusty hiding-place, behind an old press in one of the offices of the supreme court of New South Wales, where it was first discovered by Mr. David Bruce Hutchinson, the chief clerk of the office. How it came there, and how it came to New South Wales at all, Mr. Raymond has not been able to ascertain; but on that point the researches of one of the most eminent contributors to this journal have furnished us with some additional evidence. Of the authenticity of the manuscript, no doubt can be entertained, both from its external appearance (of which a facsimile is given), and still more from its internal character and exact correspondence with a variety of particulars, recorded elsewhere, some of which were probably unknown to Mr. Raymond himself. It certainly is the diary of an Irish clergyman, written, not for publication, but as a private record of the incidents and occurrences which attracted his notice on his first visit to London in 1775, and on a subsequent visit in 1781, followed by a few memoranda of a journey to Paris in 1787. His name nowhere appears in the manuscript, but from the coincidence of dates and other circumstances, he may easily be identified as the gentleman called by Boswell the "Irish Dr. Campbell," who was said to have come from Ireland to London principally to see Dr. Johnson. Johnson seemed angry when this observation was made to him by Davis, and said bluntly, "I should not wish to be dead to disappoint Dr. Campbell, had he been so foolish as you represent him; but I should have wished to have been a hundred miles off." However, this first impression, if it was an unfavorable one, speedily wore off; the Irish traveller was received with courtesy in Johnson's society, and succeeded not only in seeing the great man, but in cultivating his acquaintance.

Boswell's account of their first meeting is as follows:—

"On Wednesday, 5th April (1775). I dined with him (Johnson) at Messieurs Dilly's, with Mr. John Scott of Cornwall, the Quaker; Mr. Langton, Mr. Miller (now Sir John), and Dr. Thomas Campbell, an Irish clergyman, whom I took the liberty of inviting to Mr. Dilly's table having seen him at Mr. Thrale's, and been told that he had come to England chiefly with a view to see Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained the highest veneration. He has since published 'A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,'—a very entertaining book, which has, however, one fault—that it assumes the fictitious character of an Englishman." *—(*Croker's Boswell*, vol. v. p. 280.)

But the fact is that Campbell had already dined at the Thrales' on the 16th March, with Johnson and Baretti, though Boswell did not return to London from Scotland till the 21st March, so that he was not in company with Campbell till some days later. But from that time to the 28th May, when he left London, the Irish stranger frequently shared the hospitality of Dr. Johnson's friends. The diary, extending over this period of about ten weeks, is the most important portion of this volume, and our readers will at once perceive the great interest which attaches to it.

Who, then, was Dr. Thomas Campbell?—for we are afraid that the posthumous fame of his "Philosophical Survey" will not enable many of our readers to answer this question, and in this respect his dinners with Dr. Johnson, and a line or two in Boswell, have done more for him than the clerical and literary labors of his life. Before, therefore, we introduce the diary more fully to our readers, we shall avail ourselves of the materials which have been collected by Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, in the seventh volume of his valuable "Literary Illustrations," to make the author better known. This gentleman, then, was born in 1733, at Glack, in the county of Tyrone, and having entered the Church, he obtained the good living of Clones, near the estate of his friend, Lord Dacre, in the county

* It deserves a remark that a book with a somewhat similar title, "A Political Survey of Great Britain," had been published in the preceding year (1774), by Dr. John Campbell, a well-known Scotch writer of the day, of whom Johnson said that "he died of want of attention if he died at all of that book." He was, however, alive in April, 1776, and his Irish namesake met him at Mr. Combe's.

of Monaghan. His first publication, which is that alluded to by Boswell, appeared in 1778. In 1789 he published "Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland, from the most ancient times till the Introduction of the Roman Ritual under Henry II.;" and it deserves to be noted that, having visited Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield on the occasion of one of his journeys to England, that eminent man entered very cordially into his plan of writing "the 'History of the Revolutions of Ireland,' so as to give the spirit rather than the letter of our melancholy annals. He advised me to be as brief as possible upon every thing antecedent to Henry II.: but Mr. Burke did not content himself with giving me good advice, he gave me also his very valuable collection of manuscripts relative to Ireland, no less than *four folio volumes*, of which I have already considerably availed myself." * We heartily wish that behind any press in New South Wales, in the county of Tyrone, or any other corner of the British Empire, Burke's four folio volumes on the history of Ireland may yet be found; but the anecdote is curious, because it shows with what care and labor that extraordinary man prepared his stores of information, as well as his ready disposition to assist Dr. Campbell in these historical labors.

The principal portion of the correspondence of Dr. Campbell which had been rescued from oblivion is that which passed between him and Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore: he was well acquainted with that prelate and, in fact, it was Campbell who put together the life of Goldsmith prefixed to the edition of Goldsmith's works in four vols. 8vo., 1801, which Bishop Percy says "was compiled under his directions, with a view to the interests of Goldsmith's surviving relatives." But Campbell had no personal acquaintance with Goldsmith, who died in 1774, the year before his own visit to London.

Of Dr. Campbell's person little more can now be traced, but both Mr. Croker and Mr. Nichols have fallen into a very ludicrous blunder on this subject, which the diary now before us has enabled Mr. Raymond to detect.

In one of Mrs. Thrale's letters to Johnson, dated from Bath, May 16, 1776, she says:—

"We have a flashy friend here already, who

* Campbell's letter to Pinkerton, in Nichols' *Literary Illustrations*. Vol. vii. p. 773.

is much your adorer. I wonder how you will like him? An Irishman he is—very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favorite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man with ever so odd a temper. My master laughs, but likes him, and it diverts me to think what you will do, when he professes that *he would clean shoes for you—that he would shed his blood for you*, with twenty other extravagant flights: and you say *I flatter—Upon my honor, sir*, and indeed now, as Dr. Campbell's phrase is, I am but a twitter to him."

Strangely enough Mr. Croker jumped to the conclusion that this lively gentleman was no other than Dr. Campbell, the rector of Clones in person; though, in fact, nothing can be more improbable. Mrs. Thrale's "flashy friend" was not likely to be a benefited Irish ecclesiastic. He is spoken of as a person not known to Johnson, and Johnson himself says in his reply, "Who can be this new friend of mine?" though, as Boswell records, Campbell had met the doctor the year before at the Thrales' table; nor would Mrs. Thrale have been likely to quote a saying of Dr. Campbell's in speaking of Campbell himself. This diary, however, completes the evidence on the point, for Campbell's visit to England took place in May, 1775, not in May, 1776, and it was not till October, 1776, that he went again to London, having spent the interval in Ireland.

We are able, therefore, with the assistance of Mr. Raymond and Dr. Campbell, to state with confidence who the "flashy Irishman" of Mrs. Thrale's was *not*, and we shall proceed to show by another witness who we believe him to be.

In the diary and letters of the author of "Evelina," we find the following entry written during a visit to Mrs. Thrale in August, 1781:—

"We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion—Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure—is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolic; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong; and the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly. Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory

as it seems, I will give you from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

"He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves of Worcester, he travelled into Italy, and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. Mrs. Thrale, who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; she quite adores him, and he quite adores Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring, (for what he once says, he says continually) that *he would spill his blood for him—or clean his shoes—or go to the East Indies, to do him any good!* 'I am never,' says he, 'afraid of him; none but a rogue or a fool has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is. Oh! I love him—I honor him—I reverence him. I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night's sleep.' These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson's admirers." (*Madame d'Arbly's Diary*, vol. ii. p. 83.)

The likeness of the sketches of this lively personage by the two ladies is complete; his shoe-black devotedness identifies him to the life; and whilst we have great pleasure in restoring to Mr. Musgrave what belongs to him, we must be allowed to claim for the worthy rector of Clones a little more sense and decorum than fell to the lot of his amusing countryman, who has for so many years been taken for him. It is remarkable that three Johnsonian critics as eminent as Mr. Croker, Mr. Nichols, and Mr. John Forster* should all have fallen into this error; and we are very much indebted to Mr. Raymond for supplying the materials which enable us to correct it with so much precision.

In return, we shall now endeavor to extract from the "Percy and Campbell Correspond-

* In the appendix (A) to volume ii. of Mr. John Forster's "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," which is, generally speaking, one of the most accurate and instructive pieces of literary biography in the language, the evidence relating to the projected Life of Goldsmith, has been collected from the Percy Correspondence; but Mr. Forster has fallen into the same error as his predecessors with reference to Mrs. Thrale's supposed description of Campbell, which he too quotes (p. 488). Mr. Forster has pointed out (p. 472.) that Johnson's Latin epitaph on Goldsmith was first made public in Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the south of Ireland (p. 437-8), Johnson having furnished a copy. This circumstance shows the degree of regard Johnson had conceived for his Irish admirer.

ence" a clue to the mysterious discovery of this literary *trouvaille* behind the press in the office of the supreme court at Sydney, which has puzzled Mr. Raymond himself. Dr. Campbell died in 1795, and he died unmarried. His next heirs appear to have been a niece, who was living with him in 1791—a nephew, the Rev. Charles Campbell, who resided at Newry, in Ireland, in 1810, and an elder nephew, who in 1810 had resided for two years at the Cape of Good Hope.* Of this eldest nephew the following mention is made by his younger brother Charles, in a letter to Bishop Percy, of the 19th of February, 1810:—

"My eldest brother, of whom you are so good as to inquire, was (when I last heard from him about a month ago) just embarking from the Cape of Good Hope (where he has been nearly two years) for *New South Wales* in *New Holland*, with strong recommendation from Lord Caledon to Colonel Macquarrie, who is the governor of that settlement, and who with his regiment, the 73rd, touched at the cape in their passage out. My brother was to accompany him, *having the promise of any civil employment which that place affords.*" (*Nichols' Literary Illustrations*, vol. vii. p. 796.)

It is thus shown by a curious concurrence of evidence that the eldest nephew and heir of Dr. Thomas Campbell was, in 1810, on his way to *New South Wales*, probably carrying his uncle's diary with him as a family memento. We hope to ascertain that this gentleman afterwards held some office in the Supreme Court—but at any rate it was in the dusty recesses of that office that some forty years later this memento was discovered. We shall now proceed without further delay to lay the most interesting portions of the diary itself before our readers; but this explanation was necessary to render intelligible what is otherwise extremely improbable and incomprehensible.

Let us then accompany the worthy doctor on his first landing in this island—we say his first landing, for although he was at the time about forty-two years of age, there is no allu-

* The diary states (p. 86.) that Dr. Campbell went to London again in May, 1791, "to look for some preferment for his nephew Tom Campbell, and that worthy man Mr. Alexander Scott procured him a cadet's place in the East India Company's service." This is probably the same individual, who having served in India in early life, afterwards turns up at the Cape of Good Hope, and goes to *New South Wales* in 1810 in search of civil employment.

sion to any former visit made by him to England, and every object, down to the size of the Welsh eggs, excites his observation, curiosity, and surprise.

"February 23rd, 1775.—I went aboard the *Besborough* packet and weighed anchor at five in the evening, and landed at Holyhead at eight o'clock next morning, which was very foggy and hazy. The passage was on a very pacific sea, so that I was so little affected with sickness, as to lament the want of that substitute for hippo. Here we breakfasted, and the eggs were so small that I had curiosity to measure them, and the largest diameter was an inch and three quarters. Here is an odd old church in the form of a cross, in the yard of which Flood and Agar fought about seven years ago; but the feud did not end there, Agar at length fell by his antagonist, A.D. 1769.* The folks at the inn told me that the weather had been generally hazy for a month past, and they expected it would be so till March. They had but two or three days of frost last winter. The sailors say it is always foggy when the wind is at south. The church is, on the outside, of an H-like figure, i.e., the old part, which is not ugly, and seems the remains of something great; there is an addition, however, of modern work."

Our tourist then proceeds through North Wales, entranced with the "transcendently beautiful view of Bangor, which beggars the richness of words," but experiences the barrenness of the land at a cost which may make modern travellers stare.

"The distance from Holyhead to Bangor ferry is twenty-five miles; from thence to Conway eighteen; a post-chaise and four from Holyhead is eight guineas for two, and nine for three; from Conway to St. Asaph is eighteen miles. At Bangor ferry we could get no beer, yet one would think that the tempering of malt and hops into that consistency were a facile operation; nor was there meat, except eggs and rashers of beef. At Conway both meat and drink were as bad as we could meet at any Irish inn."

In seven days he reaches London, having passed through Oxford, and seen, as he phrases it, a "syllabus of all England;" and as the Irish divine seems to have had as much taste for the stage as for the pulpit, on the 2nd of March, "Covent Garden Playhouse received him"—probably to see the perform-

* Henry Flood fought two duels with Mr. Agar—the first is here alluded to, in which Agar was slightly wounded; but the quarrel was revived, and he was shot through the heart. Flood was tried at the Kilkenny Assizes, and the jury found a verdict of manslaughter in his own defence.

ance of Braganza," one of Jephson's wretched pieces which divided the favor of the town with Goldsmith's comedies. Goldsmith himself died in the previous year, and we find but one slight mention of him in these pages. A day or two after the playhouse Dr. Campbell found an occasion for gratifying his professional curiosity in a more clerical manner.

"*Sunday, 5th (March).*—I breakfasted with Mr. Pearson (Fig Tree Court, Middle Temple), and went with him to the Temple Church—a most beautiful Gothic structure. The service was ill read, and the singing not according to the rubrick; for it was immediately after the second lesson. The sermon was preached by the master of the society, a brother to Thurlow the attorney-general. The discourse was the most meagre composition (on our Saviour's temptation) and the delivery worse. He stood like Gulliver stuck in the marrow bone, with a sermon (newspaper-like) in his hand, and without grace or emphasis he in slow cadence measured it forth. In the evening I strolled to Westminster Abbey, where I (being locked in) was obliged to listen to a discourse still duller, and as ill delivered."

Without dwelling further on the humors of the town, or the pitfalls into which the rector of Clones sometimes fell with an innocence worthy of Moses Primrose himself, let us now accompany him into society.

"*11th (March).*—It rained incessantly from the hour I awoke, that is, eight till near twelve, that I went to bed, and how much further that night, I know not. This day I dined with the club at the British Coffee (house), introduced by my old college friend Day. The president was a Scotch Member of Parliament, Mayne, and the prevalent interest Scottish. They did nothing but praise Macpherson's new history, and decry Johnson and Burke. Day humorously gave money to the waiter to bring him Johnson's 'Taxation no Tyranny.' One of them desired him to save himself the expense, for that he should have it from him, and glad that he would take it away as it was worse than nothing. Another said it was written in Johnson's manner, but worse than usual, for that there was nothing new in it. The president swore that Burke was gone mad, and to prove it adduced this instance, that when the house was obliged the day or two before, to call him to order, he got up again, and foaming like a play actor, he said, in the words of the psalmist, 'I held my tongue even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me; then I said in my haste they are all liars.' My friend Day, however, told some stories, which turned the Scotch

into ridicule (they did however laugh), and irritated the president more than once by laughing at his accent, but he had a good blow at one (who valued himself vastly on his classical knowledge) who, describing the device on a snuff-box, pointed out a satyr blowing his concha; this raised a loud laugh, which made the virtuoso look very silly."

From this company he shortly afterwards proceeded to the house of Mr. Thrale—his first visit seems, however, to have been to Mr. Thrale's brewery; and we quote the passage chiefly for the concluding lines, which give us Dr. Campbell's first impression of Garrick in the part of Lear.

"*14th (March).*—The first entire fair day since I came to London. This day I called at Mr. Thrale's, where I was received with all respect by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. She is a very learned lady, and joins to the charms of her own sex the manly understanding of ours. The immensity of the brewery astonished me. One large house contains, and cannot contain more, only four store vessels, each of which contains fifteen hundred barrels; and in one of which, one hundred persons have dined with ease. There are besides, in other houses, thirty-six of the same construction, but of one-half the contents. The reason assigned that porter is lighter on the stomach than other beer is, that it ferments much more, and is by that means more spiritualized. I was half-suffocated by letting in my nose, over the working floor; for I cannot call it vessel; its area was much greater than many Irish castles. Dined alone, having refused an invitation from Mr. Boyd, in order to see Garrick; and I saw him, which I could not have done if I had stayed half an hour longer, the pit being full at the first rush. Nor was I disappointed in my expectations, though I cannot say he came up to what I had heard of him; but all things appear worse for being forestalled by praises. His voice is husky, and his person not near so elegant as either Dodd's or King's; but then his look, his eye, is very superior. Lear, however, was not, I think, a character wherein he could display himself."

His next meeting with the Thrales brought him into the society of Johnson. This dinner with Johnson and Baretti occurred five days before Boswell's return to London, and consequently there is no notice of it in the "Life." The allusion to the reception which the pamphlet "Taxation no Tyranny" had met with is extremely curious. Johnson was evidently nettled at the indifference of his friends and the public to his opinions, and as

he said to Boswell a few days later, "I think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."

"16th (March).—A fair day. Dined with Mr. Thrale, along with Dr. Johnson and Baretti. Baretti is a plain, sensible man, who seems to know the world well. He talked to me of the invitation given him by the College of Dublin, but said it (one hundred pounds a year and rooms) was not worth his acceptance; and if it had been, he said, in point of profit, still he would not have accepted it, for that now he could not live out of London. He had returned a few years ago to his country, but he could not enjoy it, and he was obliged to return to London, to those connections he had been making for near thirty years past. He told me he had several families with whom both in town and country he could go at any time and spend a month: he is at this time on these terms at Mr. Thrale's, and he knows how to keep his ground. Talking as we were at tea of the magnitude of the beer vessels, he said there was one thing in Mr. Thrale's house still more extraordinary, meaning his wife. She gulped the pill very prettily—so much for Baretti! Johnson, you are the very man Lord Chesterfield describes: a Hottentot indeed, and though your abilities are respectable, you never can be respected yourself.* He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered gray wig on one side only of his head—he is forever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms. He came up to me and took me by the hand, then sat down on the sofa, and mumbled out that he had heard two papers had appeared against him in the course of this week,—one of which was,—that he was to go to Ireland next summer, in order to abuse the hospitality of that place also. His awkwardness at table is just what Chesterfield described, and his roughness of manners kept pace with that. When Mrs.

* Dr. Campbell alludes to the well-known passage in Lord Chesterfield's letters, in which the polished earl describes the uncouth manners of the sage, and ends by calling him "a respectable Hottentot." (Letter cccii. vol. ii. p. 104. Dodsley's 4to edition.) The date of this letter was February, 1752. Johnson's severe letter to Lord Chesterfield, after the publication of the Dictionary, was written in 1755. Lord Chesterfield, however, gives in this passage, the true cause of that coolness which excited Johnson's bitter resentment. "There is a man," said he, "whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company."

Thrale quoted something from 'Foster's Sermons,' he flew in a passion, and said that Foster was a man of mean ability, and of no original thinking. All which, though I took to be most true, yet I held it not meet to have it so set down. He said that he looked upon Burke to be the author of Junius, and that though he would not take him *contra mundum*, yet he would take him against any man. Baretti was of the same mind, though he mentioned a fact which made against the opinion; which was, that a paper having appeared against Junius on this day, a Junius came out in answer to that the very next, when everybody knew Burke was in Yorkshire. But all the Juniuses were evidently not written by the same hand. Burke's brother is a good writer, though nothing like Edmund. The doctor, as he drinks no wine, retired soon after dinner, and Baretti, who I see is a sort of literary toad-eater to Johnson, told me that he was a man nowise affected by praise or dispraise, and that the journey to the Hebrides would never have been published but for himself. The doctor, however, returned again, and with all the fond anxiety of an author, I saw him cast out all his nets to know the sense of the town about his last pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyranny*, which he said did not sell. Mr. Thrale told him such and such members of both houses admired it; 'And why did you not tell me this?' quoth Johnson. Thrale asked him what Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it. 'Sir Joshua,' quoth the doctor, 'has not read it.' 'I suppose,' quoth Thrale, 'he has been very busy of late.' 'No,' says the doctor, 'but I never look at his pictures, so he won't read my writings.' Was this like a man insensible to glory? Thrale then asked him if he had got Miss Reynolds' opinion, for she, it seems, is a politician. 'As to that,' quoth the doctor, 'it is no great matter; for she could not tell, after she had read it, on which side of the question Mr. Burke's speech was.'"

The following account of another of Mr. Thrale's literary dinners, proves the astonishing stability of the culinary laws of London; fowls and saddles of mutton have retained their sway for the best part of a century, though we should look in vain, in these degenerate days, for "four different sorts of ices." At a subsequent dinner at Lord Dacre's, the doctor himself remarks (alas, with how great truth!) how similar all the great dinners he meets with are—soup, fish, saddles of mutton, turkey, pigeons, and so on forever.

* Alluding to Burke's speech on American Taxation, which was delivered on the 19th April, 1774.

"25th (March).—Eddying winds in the forenoon rendered the streets very disagreeable with dust, which was laid in the evening by rain from three. Dined at Mr. Thrale's, where there were ten or more gentlemen, and but one lady besides Mrs. Thrale. The dinner was excellent; first course, soups at head and foot, removed by fish and a saddle of mutton; second course, a fowl they call Galena at head, and a capon larger than some of our Irish turkeys at foot; third course, four different sorts of ices, pineapple, grape, raspberry, and a fourth; in each remove I think there were fourteen dishes. The two first were served in massy plate. I sat beside Baretti, which was to me the richest part of the entertainment. He and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale joined in expressing to me Dr. Johnson's concern that he could not give me the meeting that day, but desired that I should go and see him. Baretti was very humorous about his new publication which, he expects to put out next month. He there introduces a dialogue about Ossian, wherein he ridicules the idea of its double translation into Italian, in hopes, he said, of having it abused by the Scots, which would give it an imprimatur for a second edition, and he had stipulated for twenty-five guineas additional if the first should sell in a given time. He repeated to me upon memory the substance of the letters which passed between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Macpherson. The latter tells the doctor that neither his age nor infirmities should protect him if he came in his way. The doctor responds that no menaces of any rascal should intimidate him from detecting imposture wherever he met it."

Dr. Campbell claims no proficiency in the fine arts, and indeed one of the chief merits of his diary is the simplicity with which he records his own observations, without any attempt at effect: but the following entry is of great interest.

"27th (March).—Frost in the morning and light falls of snow all day. Went to see Reynolds' pictures. His manner is certainly the true sublime; the colors seem laid on so coarsely that *quavis speret idem*. Gainsborough's I looked at afterwards, but his work seems labored with small pencils; I don't think he paints as well as Hunter in Dublin. What a pity that Reynolds' colors do not stand! they want a body, they seem glazed."

At the next Thrale dinner Johnson was not present, though Boswell was; but the absence of the "stupendous mortal," as Miss Seward always called him, only made his friends more eager to talk of him; and Campbell heard a chorus of second-hand *mots*, which could

hardly have been repeated in the presence of the author, and some of them of so broad a character that they have driven the Australian editor to asterisks and ourselves to omissions.

"April 1st.—A fair day. Dined at Mr. Thrale's, whom, in proof of the magnitude of London, I cannot help remarking, no coachman, and this is the third I have called, could find without inquiry. But of this, by the way. There was Murphy, Boswell, and Baretti: the two last, as I learned just before I entered, are mortal foes; so much so that Murphy and Mrs. Thrale agreed that Boswell expressed a desire that Baretti should be hanged upon that unfortunate affair of his killing, etc.* Upon this hint I went, and without any sagacity it was discernible; for upon Baretti's entering, Boswell did not rise, and upon Baretti's deserv of Boswell he grinned a perturbed glance. Politeness, however, smoothed the most hostile brows, and theirs were smoothed. Johnson was the subject both before and after dinner, for it was the boast of all but myself, that under that roof were the doctor's first friends. His *bon mots* were retailed in such plenty that they, like a surfeit, could not lie upon memory. Boswell arguing in favor of a cheerful glass, adduced the maxim *in vino veritas*; 'Well,' says Johnson, 'and what then, unless a man has lived a lie?' B. then urged that it made a man forget all his cares; 'that, to be sure,' says Johnson, 'might be of use if a man sat by such a person as you.' Boswell confessed that he liked a glass of whiskey in the highland tour, and used to take it. At length, says Johnson, 'let me try wherein the pleasure of a Scotsman consists,' and so tips off a brimmer of whiskey. But Johnson's abstemiousness is new to him, for within a few years he would swallow two bottles of port without any apparent alteration, and once, in the company with whom I dined this day, he said, 'Pray, Mr. Thrale, give us another bottle.' It is ridiculous to pry so nearly into the movements of such men, yet Boswell carries it to a degree of superstition. The doctor, it appears, has a custom of putting the peel of oranges into his pocket, and he asked the doctor what use he made of them; the doctor's reply was that his dearest friend should not know that. This has made poor Boswell unhappy, and I verily think he is as anxious to know the secret as a green sick girl. N.B. The book wherewith Johnson presented the highland lady was Cocker's Arithmetic."

* Baretti being rudely accosted by some loose characters in the Haymarket, rashly struck one of them with a knife (which he constantly wore for the purpose of carving fruit and sweetmeats). The man died the next day, and Baretti was tried at the Old Bailey.

The mighty mystery of the dried orange peel was at last solved by Boswell's discovery, that Dr. Johnson was in the habit of making a stomachic drink with it, which, as he observed, had at least the merit of doing no harm. But Boswell's infantine curiosity on the subject was extremely diverting to the bystanders, and did not escape Dr. Campbell's notice.

The following entry is one of peculiar interest, because it describes the very same dinner at Dilly's, the bookseller, which is related, though with less detail, by Boswell—indeed some of the most striking things said by Johnson on this occasion were said after Boswell was gone. It is certainly a noble retaliation on Johnson for his insane injustice to the northern division of this island, that he should owe the largest share of his posthumous fame to the Scotchman who was his biographer. On this occasion he waited till Boswell had retired before he broke out against the Scotch; but in other respects the two reports coincide. Nothing can better illustrate the genuine character of these notes, than the fact that two concurrent accounts should have come to light of this same casual entertainment, though divided from each other by half a century in the time of publication, and by the distance of a hemisphere.

"April 5th.—Dined with Dilly in the Poultry as guest to Mr. Boswell, where I met Dr. Johnson (and a Mr. Miller, who lives near Bath, who is a dilettanti man, keeps a weekly day for the litterati, and is himself so litterate that he gathereth all the flowers that ladies write and bindeth into a garland, but enough of him) with several others, particularly a Mr. Scott, who seems to be a very sensible, plain man. The doctor when I came in had an answer titled 'Taxation and Tyranny' to his last pamphlet in his hand. He laughed at it, and said, he would read no more of it, for that it paid him compliments, but gave him no information. He asked if there were any more of them. I told him I had seen another, and that the *Monthly Review* had handled it in what I believed he called the way of information. 'Well,' says he, 'I should be glad to see it.' Then Boswell (who understands his temper well), asked him somewhat, for I was not attending, relative to the provincial assemblies. The doctor, in process of discourse with him, argued with great vehemence that the assemblies were nothing more than our vestries. I asked him was there not this difference, that an act of the assemblies required the king's assent

to pass into a law; his answer had more of wit than of argument. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'that only gives it more weight.' I thought I had gone too far, but dinner was then announced, and Dilly, who paid all attention to him, in placing him next the fire, said, 'Doctor, perhaps you will be too warm.' 'No, sir,' says the doctor, 'I am neither hot nor cold.' 'And yet,' said I, 'Doctor, you are not a lukewarm man.' This I thought pleased him, and as I sat next to him, I had a fine opportunity of attending to his phiz, and I could clearly see he was fond of having his quaint things laughed at, and they (without any force) gratified my propensity to amuse grinning. Mr. Dilly led him to give his opinion of men and things, of which he is very free, and Dilly will probably retail them all. Talking of the Scotch (after Boswell was gone), he said, though they were not a learned nation, yet they were far removed from ignorance. Learning was new amongst them, and he doubted not but they would in time be a learned people, for they were a fine, bold, enterprising people. He compared England and Scotland to two lions, the one saturated with his belly full, and the other prowling for prey. But the test he offered to prove that Scotland, though it had learning enough for common life, yet had not sufficient for the dignity of literature, was, that he defied any one to produce a classical book written in Scotland, since Buchanan. Robertson, he said, used pretty words, but he liked Hume better, and neither of them would he allow to be more to Clarendon than a rat to a cat. 'A Scotch surgeon,' says he, 'may have more learning than an English one, and all Scotland could not muster learning enough for Louth's "Prelections."'" Turning to me he said, 'You have produced classical writers and scholars; I don't know,' says he, 'that any man is before Usher as a scholar, unless it may be Selden, and you have a philosopher, Boyle, and you have Swift and Congreve, but the latter,' says he, 'denied you,' and he might have added the former too. He then said, 'You certainly have a turn for the drama, for you have Southerne and Farquhar and Congreve, and many living authors and players.' Encouraged by this, I went back to assert the genius of Ireland in old times, and ventured to say that the first professors of Oxford and Paris, etc., were Irish. 'Sir,' says he, 'I believe there is something in what you say, and I am content with it, since they are not Scotch.'

"This day I went to Guildhall, and waited for above an hour before the lord mayor came. He, Wilkes, was rather worse than I expected to find him, for he labors under baldness, in-crepitude, and want of teeth; from the hedge of the teeth being removed, his tongue is for-

ever trespassing upon his lips, whereof the undermost together with the chin projects very far. He went to the front of the hustings, where he was clapped as a player more than once before he spoke; though I was removed from him but the breadth of the *green table*, I could not make out all he said (which was not much), but it was in reprobating the measures of the ministry towards the Americans. He then sat down, and Captain Allen, after making a speech too trivial for a mountebank, yet he too was applauded, read the address, petition, and remonstrance which will be in the prints."

Here, apparently, Dr. Campbell reverts to Johnson's previous conversation.

"Talking of Addison's timidity keeping him down, so that he never spoke in the House of Commons, was, he said, much more blameworthy than if he had attempted and failed, as a man is more praiseworthy who fights and is beaten, than he who runs away."

Three days afterwards, the principal members of the same company met again at Mr. Thrale's. Boswell, as well as Campbell, has preserved some record of this dinner—the supper of the previous night at Mrs. Abington's with some fashionable people, and the repartee on Murphy and Garrick—whose names are suppressed by Boswell, correctly supplied by Mr. Croker on conjecture, and preserved by the Irish visitor. The other particulars of this conversation are recorded by Campbell only.

"April 8th.—Very cold and some rain, but not enough to allay the blowing of the dust. Dined with Thrale, where Dr. Johnson was, and Boswell (and Barette as usual). The doctor was not in as good spirits as he was at Dilly's. He had supped the night before with Lady —, Miss Jeffrys, one of the maids of honor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc., at Mrs. Abington's. He said Sir C. Thompson and some others who were there spoke like people who had seen good company, and so did Mrs. Abington herself, who could not have seen good company. He seems fond of Boswell, and yet he is always abusing the Scots before him, by way of joke. Talking of their nationality, he said they were not singular, the Negroes and Jews being so too. Boswell lamented there was no good map of Scotland. 'There never can be a good (map) of Scotland,' says the doctor sententiously. This excited Boswell to ask wherefore. 'Why, sir, to measure land a man must go over it, and who could think of going over Scotland?' When Dr. Goldsmith was mentioned, and Dr.

Percy's intention of writing his life,* he expressed his approbation, strongly adding, that Goldsmith was the best writer he ever knew upon every subject he wrote upon. He said that Kendrick had borrowed all his dictionary from him. 'Why,' says Boswell, 'every man who writes a dictionary must borrow.' 'No, sir,' says Johnson, 'that is not necessary.' 'Why,' says Boswell, 'have not you a great deal in common with those who wrote before you?' 'Yes, sir,' says Johnson, 'I have the words, but my business was not to make words, but to explain them.' Talking of Garrick and Barry, he said he always abused Garrick himself, but when anybody else did so, he fought for the dog like a tiger; and as to Barry, he said he supposed he could not read. 'And how does he get his part?' says one; 'Why somebody reads it to him, and yet I know,' says he, 'that he is very much admired.' Mrs. Thrale then took him by repeating a *repartee* of Murphy, the setting Barry up in competition with Garrick, is what irritates the English critics, and Murphy standing up for Barry. Johnson said he was fit for nothing but to stand at an auction room door with his pole. Murphy said that Garrick would do the business as well, and pick the people's pockets at the same time. Johnson admitted the fact, but said Murphy spoke nonsense, for that people's pockets were not picked at the door, but in the room; then, said I, he was worse than the pickpockets, forasmuch as he was Pandar to them. This went off with a laugh. *Vive la bagatelle*. It was a case decided here, that there was no harm and much pleasure in laughing at our absent friends, and I own if the character is not damaged, I can see no injury done."

The dinner of the 10th April, at General Oglethorpe's, is also reported by Boswell, but Dr. Campbell's note of the conversation is by far more full and amusing—indeed Boswell ends by the remark that his hero "was not much in the humor of talking." Yet nothing can be more droll than Johnson's turn on the old jest of the want of trees in Scotland, and it is evident that Boswell had been snubbed for his curiosity before he left the room.

"April 10th.—Rain, but not enough to soften the asperity of the weather. Dined with General Oglethorpe, who was in lieu of aid-de-camp (for he had no such officer about him) to Prince Eugene, and celebrated by Mr.

* This was the life to which Dr. Campbell afterwards contributed the principal materials. It is remarkable that none of the eminent men who had lived most in the society of Goldsmith undertook it, and that Bishop Percy, who did undertake it, should have done so little for it.

Pope. Dr. Johnson pressed him to write his life; adding that no life in Europe was so well worth recording. The old man excused himself, saying, the life of a private man was not worthy public notice. He however desired Boswell to bring him some good almanack, that he might recollect dates, and seemed to excuse himself also on the article of incapacity; but Boswell desired him only to furnish the skeleton, and that Dr. Johnson would supply bones and sinews. 'He would be a good doctor,' says the General, 'who would do that.' 'Well,' says I, 'he is a good doctor,' at which the doctor laughed very heartily. Talking of America, it was observed, that his works would not be admired there. 'No,' says Boswell, 'we should soon hear of his being hung in effigy.' 'I should be glad of that,' says the doctor: 'that would be a new source of fame,' alluding to some conversation on the fulness of his fame which had gone before. And says Boswell, 'I wonder he has not been hung in effigy from the Hebrides to England.' 'I shall suffer them to do it corporeally,' says the doctor, 'if they can find me a tree to do it upon.'

"The poem of the Graces became the topic; Boswell asked if he had never been under the hands of a dancing master. 'Ay, and a dancing mistress, too,' says the doctor; 'but I own to you I never took a lesson but one or two, my blind eyes showed me I could never make a proficiency.' Boswell led him to give his opinion of Gray: he said there were but two good stanzas in all his works; viz., the Elegy. Boswell, eliciting his opinion upon too many subjects, as he thought, he rose up and took his hat. This was not noticed by anybody as it was nine o'clock, but after we got into Mr. Langton's coach, who gave us a set down, he said, 'Boswell's conversation consists entirely in asking questions, and it is extremely offensive.' We defended it upon Boswell's eagerness to hear the doctor speak.

"Talking of suicide, Boswell took up the defence for argument's sake, and the doctor said that some cases were more excusable than others, but if it were excusable, it should be the last resource; 'for instance,' says he, 'if a man is distressed in circumstances (as in the case I mentioned of Denny) he ought to fly his country.' 'How can he fly,' says Boswell, 'if he has wife and children.' 'What, sir,' says the doctor, shaking his head as if to promote the fermentation of his wit, 'doth not a man fly from his wife and children if he murders himself?'

Poor Dr. Dodd was executed in June, 1777, about two years after Campbell's visit, and in 1775, his preaching was the height of the fashion: we do not remember to have met with a description of it more graphic than the following passage.

"14th (April).—Fair. Good Friday; went to hear Dr. Dodd, who is cried up as the first preacher in London, at his own chapel. He reads better than he preaches; for in the pulpit he leans too much upon his notes, his eyes are seldom off them, yet he uses the action of an extempore delivery which makes a jarring jumble. His manner is infinitely superior to his matter, which was a poor and unsuccessful attempt upon the passions. He said the merits of Christ were applied to us, just as a man's paying a money debt for another was deemed a discharge for the debt; and he said that, as the merits of Christ extended from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same, so they extended equally a *parte ante et post* since creation, to those who never heard the name, i.e., Jesus Christ was a vicarious sacrifice, as well for those who lived before him, as for those who have lived since; and as well for those who never heard of him, as those who have faith in his name.

"N.B. The shops were not shut up to-day further than that some of them had a single board standing up. The paviors went on as all other workmen did, and the ladies went to their exercise in Hyde Park as usual. Dodd did not read the communion service rubrically, for he kneeled at the beginning, and though it was a fast day he and his coadjutors wore surplices. Supped with Jack Day and a set of Irish."

Dining on Easter Sunday with Archdeacon Congreve, Dr. Campbell met the lord primate, and on being asked whether he "had seen the lions," the rector of Clones answered by saying that he had seen Sir Joshua's paintings and heard the conversation of Dr. Johnson and his friends—to which the dignitary replied, "Ay! these indeed are lions worth seeing, and the sight of them may be of use to you." But the curiosity of our traveller was destined to be yet more fully gratified in another quarter.

"18th (April).—Went in one of the Brentford coaches to Kew Bridge, walked from thence along the Thames (N.B. a smart shower then) to Richmond, near which I met the king with a single gentleman, and two of the princes. I did not know him till I was cheek for jowl with him, (jowl here I apply to his majesty), and then I took off my hat; sometime before I met the king I overtook a boy of fifteen or sixteen, dressed in flannel or something of that sort. I asked him several questions, to all which he answered with English curtness; he was, however, glad of a penny for carrying my coat. After passing the king I asked him if he knew who that was. He answered in the negative. I then told him, that is the king; he showed no

emotion, but turned round and said leisurely, 'Is that the king?' An Irish boy would have dogged him at the heels as long as he could. It would be heresy here to deny that Richmond still afforded the finest prospect in the world, and it would be false to deny that it afforded a rich one, yet it has nothing picturesque to be seen from it, for it was the second and third distances. Wales is the fertile mother of landscapes.—N.B. Richmond Hill is very coarse ground, covered with furze and rushes."

His next call on Johnson was to take leave of him, for three days later Campbell left London. Johnson evidently liked the Irishman, for there runs through these interviews a vein of courtesy, to which his admirers were not often accustomed.

"24th (April).—Rainy morning. Sat an hour with Dr. Johnson about noon. He was at breakfast, with a Pindar* in his hand, and after saluting me with great cordiality, he, after whistling in his way over Pindar, laid the book down, and then told me he had seen my Lord Primate at Sir Joshua's, and 'I believe,' says he, 'I have not recommended myself much to him, for I differed widely in opinions from him, yet I hear he is doing good things in Ireland.' I mentioned Skelton to him as a man of strong imagination, and told him the story of his selling his library for the support of the poor. He seemed much affected by it, and then fell a rowling and muttering to himself, and I could hear him plainly say, after several minutes' pause from conversation, 'Skelton is a great good man.' He then said, 'I purpose reading his *Ophiomachis*, for I have never seen any thing of his but some allegoric pieces, which I thought very well of.' He told me he had seen Delany when he was in every sense *gravis annis*;* 'but he was (an) able man,' says he; 'his "Revelation examined with candor," was well received, and I have seen an introductory preface to a second edition of one of his books, which was the finest thing I ever read in the declamatory way.' He asked me whether Clayton† was an English

or Irishman? 'He endeavored to raise a heresy among you,' says he, 'but without effect, I believe.' I told him one effect in the case of the parish clerks. His indignation was prodigious, 'Ay,' says he, 'these are the effects of heretical notions upon vulgar minds.'"

Our limits forbid us to accompany our traveller on his homeward journey, though his account of Bath and Bristol is highly entertaining, and especially the manner in which a Sunday might be spent "with five or six lively Irish girls" at Bath some eighty years ago; but we prefer to revert to a subsequent interview with Dr. Johnson on the occasion of a visit paid him about six years after that which we have hitherto described. In 1781, Dr. Campbell returned to London for the purpose (as we have already mentioned) of obtaining a cadetship for his nephew, and he took the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with Johnson.*

"June 11th, 1781.—I went to see Dr. Johnson; found him alone. Baretti came soon after. Baretti (after some pause in conversation) asked me if the disturbances were over in Ireland. I told him I had not heard of any disturbances there. 'What,' says he, 'have you not been up in arms?' 'Yes, and a great number of men continue so to be.' 'And don't you call that disturbance?' returned Baretti. 'No,' said I, 'the Irish volunteers have demeaned themselves very peaceably, and instead of disturbing the peace of the country have contributed much to its preservation.' The Doctor, who had been long silent, turned a sharp ear to what I was saying, and, with vehemence, said, 'What, Sir, don't you call it disturbance to oppose legal government with arms in your hands and compel it to make laws in your favor? Sir, I call it rebellion, rebellion as much as the rebellions of Scotland.' 'Doctor,' said I, 'I am sorry to hear that fall from you. I must, however, say that the Irish consider themselves as the most loyal of his majesty's' was seized with a nervous fever which terminated his life in 1758. We are indebted for these particulars to Mr. Alibone's "Dictionary of British and American Authors," a work of extraordinary research and very commendable accuracy. There is scarcely a name in the whole range of English literature which seems to have escaped Mr. Alibone's notice.

* It appears from a passage in Dr. Campbell's "Strictures on the History of Ireland," that he also spent the winter of 1777 in London, and was honored with the familiarity and friendship of Johnson. In fact he stayed in London from October, 1776, to May, 1777. But no record of this visit has been preserved, and as Boswell was in Scotland during the whole of this time, Dr. Campbell's name does not re-appear in the "Life."

* After Johnson's death, Miss Seward and Mrs. Thrale declared that he owned he had not opened a Greek book for ten years, and he was wont to speak of Anacreon's Dove as the thing that pleased him most in Greek poetry: yet Dr. Campbell finds him "at breakfast with a Pindar in his hand." It is certain, however, that he had small pretensions to Greek scholarship.

* Dr. Patrick Delany, the Dean of Down, was an intimate friend of Swift, and acknowledged to be a writer of ability and learning. He died in 1768, at more than eighty years of age.

† Dr. Clayton was translated to the Bishopric of Clogher in 1745, but in 1751 he published an Arian treatise, not written by himself; the Irish Convocation determined to proceed against him, when he

subjects, at the same time that they firmly deny any allegiance to a British Parliament. They have a separate legislature, and that they have never shown any inclination to resist.' 'Sir,' says the doctor, 'you do owe allegiance to the British Parliament as a *conquered* nation, and had I been minister I would have made you submit to it. I would have done as Oliver Cromwell did, I would have burned your cities and wasted you in the fires (or flames) of them.' I, after allowing the doctor to vent his indignation upon Ireland, coolly replied, 'doctor, the times are altered, and I don't find that you have succeeded so well in burning the cities and roasting the inhabitants of America.' 'Sir,' says he gravely, and with a less vehement tone, 'what you say is true, the times are altered, for power is now nowhere; we live under a government of influence, not of power; but, sir, had we treated the Americans as we ought, and as they deserved, we should have at once razed all their towns—and let them enjoy their forests.' After this wild rant, argument would but have enraged him; I therefore let him vibrate into calmness, then, turning round to me he, with a smile, says, 'After all, sir, though I hold the Irish to be rebels, I don't think they have been so very wrong; but you know that you compelled our parliament by force of arms to pass an act in your favor. That I call rebellion.' 'But, doctor,' said I, 'did the Irish claim any thing that ought not to have been granted, though they had not made the claim?' 'Sir, I won't dispute that matter with you, but what I insist upon is that the mode of requisition was rebellious.' 'Well, doctor, let me ask you but one question, and I shall ask you no more on this subject: do you think that Ireland would have obtained what it has got by any other means?' 'Sir,' says he, 'candidly, I believe it would not. However, a wise government should not grant even a claim of justice if an attempt is made to extort it by force.' I said no more."

This conversation is very remarkable from the importance of the subject and the light it throws on Johnson's political opinions; and this note of it is the more interesting from the circumstance that Dr. Campbell himself refers to the occasion at greater length in one of his acknowledged publications—the passage has already been reprinted by Mr. Nichols in the seventh volume of his "Literary

Illustrations," p. 762, as a valuable and appropriate addition to the life of Johnson. He there informs the reader by way of introduction, that having repeated the conversation to his dear friend Dr. Watkinson within an hour or two after it passed, "he thought it so extraordinary that he gave me pen, ink, and paper to set it down immediately as a test of the political principles of Johnson." It is extremely probable, therefore, that the rough note we have now laid before our readers is the identical memorandum written at the time: and the conversation was afterwards republished in a fuller and more elaborate form in the "Strictures on Irish History."

We have borrowed more largely than is our custom from these pages, because the copy of Mr. Raymond's publication now before us is probably the only one on this side of the equator, and he has had the good fortune to hit upon a vein of unusual interest to every one who is conversant—as who is not conversant?—with Dr. Johnson's life and conversation. The remaining portions of the diary are slight, and have not the same claim to our notice, though there is some amusement in the doctor's trip to Paris in 1787, in his return by way of Brighton, where he met the Princes and Mrs. Fitzherbert at a ball, and afterwards saw Charles Fox (whom he calls "this profligate head of opposition,") "walking on the Steyne in very indifferent company."

Notes of this kind, hastily but faithfully jotted down at the time by persons who live in good society, acquire in less than a century an extraordinary degree of interest and value. Dr. Campbell's diary has been walled up behind that ancient press in the Supreme Court at Sydney, until, like a pipe of Madeira laid in on the birth of an heir and forgotten on his majority, it has acquired the flavor of a curious liqueur. The world is extremely indebted to Mr. Raymond for having brought this document to light; and in any future edition of the Life of Johnson, Dr. Campbell's notes cannot fail to be inserted. Indeed, we hope that the editor, to whom the copyright belongs, will shortly allow the whole volume to be republished in this country.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Oct.
ITALY.

THE early signature of the treaty at Zurich bodes little good to the Italian cause. It seems unlikely that Austria can have concluded a definitive peace without obtaining some equivalent for the promised restoration of the grand dukes. The real negotiators at Biarritz would scarcely have instructed their delegates to terminate their labors if they had not discovered the advantage which Italian independence has hitherto derived from diplomatic delay. Emperors and ministers are, perhaps, after all, little wiser than the mass of mankind; and it is possible that they may have taught themselves partially to believe their own reiterated assertion that it was impossible for Italians to display either concord or courage. While France and Austria have been concerting measures for the partition of the spoil over which they so lately quarrelled, Garibaldi and Fanti, Farini and Ricasoli have been organizing into a whole the country which claims to become a powerful European kingdom. It will be comparatively difficult to split up again into provinces territories which have fused their various administrations and broken up their frontier lines; and it is not even probable that Central Italy will yield without a struggle to the menaces by which reconciled despots may attempt to enforce their commands. As Lombardy had been ceded by Austria, not to Sardinia, but to France, it might be proper, in point of form, that the proprietor of a moment should, in respect of his nominal term, or *scintilla juris*, have a voice in the ultimate disposal of the province. Europe may hereafter appreciate the danger of a precedent for the aggrandizement of a military power of the first class; for if France had a right to accept Lombardy, it would be difficult to dispute a similar claim if Belgium or the Palatinate were to become the prize of some future war of aggression. Sardinia, however, which prudently accepted the gift of her formidable ally, is not in a position to question the French claim from which her own title is deduced.

The decisions of the conference of Zurich will only become a part of European public law when they are either sanctioned by a congress or separately accepted by the great powers. But, as amongst the late belligerents, the terms of the treaty of peace must be regarded as binding; and the portion of the public debt which may have been assigned by the plenipotentiaries to Lombardy will undoubtedly become a legitimate charge on the revenues of the extended Piedmontese monarchy. With Tuscany, on the other hand, with Parma, and with Modena, France and Austria are only concerned in common with the other great powers of Europe. Internal

revolutions have, in different parts of Italy, changed the form of government, and the present rulers of the duchies propose to unite their fortunes with Piedmont by a definitive amalgamation. It is open to any government to believe or to assert that a new distribution of territory in the peninsula will be dangerous to its own interests or to the public tranquillity. A French official journalist lately discovered that the laws of political equilibrium imperatively required an exact balance of power between Piedmont and Naples; and similar arguments may, without diplomatic informality, be urged against any new arrangement dictated by Italian wishes and interests. At the same time, it must be considered that far-fetched crotchets and paradoxes can scarcely furnish even ostensible excuses for armed coercion; and the right of England to fight against a gratuitous geographical equation would be precisely the same as that by which France might pretend to maintain it. Austria, indeed, would only carry out a traditional policy by restoring the petty despotisms which made all parts of Italy dependent on herself. If her armies once more crossed the Po and the Apennines, there would be little ground for surprise, and less use in discussing the motives of the invasion; yet it would be difficult to understand the pretext on which the French emperor could acquiesce in the renewal of the pretensions which he went to war to suppress. In general, it may be said that France has no cause for interfering, and no excuse for allowing Austria to interfere. If the fate of nations depended on law, on logic, or on justice, Italy would be comparatively safe from foreign oppression. The case of the duchies, indeed, is so irresistibly strong that even the greatest potentates might shrink from disputing their claims but for the unfortunate complication of the papal rights in the legations. France and Austria are probably equally hostile to the independence of Italy, and both are anxious to secure for themselves the cordial alliance of the church. It is at Ravenna and Bologna that the chief source of danger is to be found; and there is reason to fear that the unavoidable irregularity of the Romagnese annexation may afford an opportunity for disturbing the legitimate process of uniting the vacant duchies with Piedmont.

Neither the Sardinian government nor the leaders of the national movement have been wanting to themselves or to their country. The circular despatch to the Piedmontese ministers at the four nominally friendly courts appears to have been well argued and forcibly expressed. It is even possible that the reasons in favor of a strong Italian kingdom may be thought too conclusive by those to whom they are addressed. When it is urged that a peace with Austria can be but a truce as long

as there are no elements of national resistance, the emperor of the French may perhaps dislike an impediment which would be equally troublesome to a future French invader.

As political arrangements are but faintly influenced by arguments, the circular note derives its principal importance from the proof which it affords that Victor Emmanuel has identified himself with the wishes of the Central Italian populations. One of his ex-ministers is exhorting the inhabitants of the legations to consummate the annexation for themselves. Another is borrowing money and levying troops in Modena to support the same national cause. Two of the first Sardinian generals have assumed the military command of the provinces in dispute, and now the ministry at Turin publicly defends the measures which Italy has thought fit provisionally to adopt. All the local governments have simultaneously assumed the style and arms of Piedmont, and the administration is universally conducted in the name of Victor Emmanuel. It is possible that all the efforts of patriotism will be rendered useless by foreign violence, but the alternative between an armed restoration and the formation of a north Italian kingdom is now irrevocably established. If the princes of Lorraine, of Este, and of Bourbon, are brought back to their dominions, they must, by the necessity of their position, and without any new fault of their own, henceforth reign only as tyrannical despots by the aid of foreign auxiliaries. The statesmen of Italy probably calculate that, even at the worst, the destroyed dynasties could only exist until the commencement of the next European dispute; and, by the adoption of a decided policy, they compel their adversaries to choose between an odious act of oppression and an unwelcome acquiescence in the creation of an independent state. The intrigues in favor of a French prince have been already rendered useless by the energy and prudence of the Tuscan leaders. Foreign governments may affect to desire the restoration of legitimate dynasties, but it would be preposterous to overrule the unanimous voice of the nation for the benefit of a new-fangled pretender.

It is not impossible that a new element may be introduced into the Italian question by the internal movements of Naples. Large forces have lately been marched, probably under foreign suggestion, to the frontiers of the papal states. It may be hoped that Garibaldi and his colleagues will have the prudence to avoid a collision which would enable their enemies to point once more to the internal divisions of Italy. In the mean time, Naples and Sicily are ready for an internal change, and if it were possible for the reigning king to be awakened to his own interests

and duties, he might regain all the good-will which his family has lost by combining liberal concessions with an adhesion to the national cause. North Italy and Naples united could bring two hundred thousand men into the field, and their permanent alliance would convert into a reality the confederation which France professes to contemplate. The pope offers the only impediment to Italian unity which at present seems almost insuperable. His late subjects beyond the Apennines have fully deserved the emancipation which they may possibly achieve. If they should unhappily fail, something at least will have been gained in the public demonstration that the Roman government—long the weakest, the basest, and the most oppressive in Italy—is the professed instrument and creature of foreign intruders and enemies.

From the Saturday Review, 22 Oct.

ITALY AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THOSE unreasonable persons who expect to find law or logic in treaties may perhaps take exception to the document which has issued from the Zurich Conferences. The reservation of the dual rights may not prove of much ultimate value; but the reasons alleged in favor of that arrangement suffer by the unlucky juxtaposition of more material stipulations. Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, are, it would appear, to be dealt with, by a European Congress because the territorial arrangements of Italy can only be changed with the assent of the powers who were parties to the treaties of Vienna. Yet the concurrence of Europe is not less necessary to give a formal sanction to the acquisition of Lombardy whether by France or Sardinia. The war between France and Austria abrogated the treaties of 1815 only as between the belligerent powers, and leaves it open to Russia, Prussia, and England, if they were so disposed, to complain of any disturbance of the equilibrium adjusted at Vienna. The cession of Lombardy and the transfer of Central Italy to the House of Savoy equally constitute technical offences against the treaty rights of neutral powers, and it argues some boldness on the part of the united emperors to appeal to the pedantries of international law in the same instrument in which they set them at defiance. The treaty of Zurich is perhaps to be regarded rather as a memento of the past than a guide for the future. It adds one, and only one, significant provision to the rough draft sketched at the first meeting of the emperors—that which determines the debt which Lombardy is to bear. All the rest is a mere diplomatic dilution of the sufficiently meagre terms of the Villafranca Convention. The dukes are reserved instead of being restored. A recommendation to make

impossible reforms takes the place of the presidency originally offered to the pope. The outline of the Italian Confederation is made a little less shadowy now that its impossibility is obvious, but the really essential point—the settlement of Central Italy—is left open for the determination of a congress which may never assemble.

The alternate assertions and contradictions as to the meeting of a congress may be understood to imply that England, having assented to the principle of the proposal, is not yet satisfied with the preliminary conditions and limitations. The plenipotentiaries of great sovereigns cannot meet like members of a cabinet, ready to yield to argument or to be overruled by votes when there is a difference of opinion as to the best mode of attaining a common object. Minor compromises, details of arrangement, and the formal sanction of foregone conclusions, constitute the proper business of a congress; and except when a general understanding has already been established, it is better that negotiations should be carried on in a less ceremonious manner. It can scarcely be expected that Austria will take a part in the assemblage, unless some previous security for a consideration of her interests is offered by her old or new allies. England, on the other hand, is pledged to regard the wishes of the Italian people, and is not indisposed to see the formation of a powerful state which may supersede the necessity for future congresses on the affairs of Italy. Until these discrepancies are approximately reconciled or set aside, it is useless for a body of dignified diplomatists to meet for the purpose of ascertaining that their instructions are incompatible with any possible agreement. The fate of nations will never be determined by a majority of votes, inasmuch as a member of the congress has always the right to withdraw at any moment from its deliberations.

There is, in truth, nothing left to argue about. Even the French papers have ceased to prate of the dangers and difficulties which might attend Italian independence. The case of the legations, which was the most embarrassing part of the question, has been stated with unanswerable force in the memorandum of the provisional government. The country which Archbishop Cullen praises as happy while he denounces it as ungrateful, has for ten years been governed in the name of the pope by foreign martial law. Austrian generals and officers have supplanted the paternal government which has lately drawn forth crocodile tears of sympathy from so many unctuous prelates. Late events have removed the external force which alone attempted to preserve the public peace, and the inhabitants of Romagna, knowing that the pope was

altogether impotent have taken the administration of affairs into their own hands, with the intention of henceforth belonging to an organized and independent state. As soon as the Austrian garrison left Bologna, the legate followed his protectors as a matter of course, and waited behind their lines for a victory which might restore the obedience of the pope's conquered subjects. Europe is called upon to choose between anarchy under the name of ecclesiastical administration, and the vigorous and orderly rule of the house of Savoy. If the criminal alternative has not already been decisively rejected, it would be better that England should abstain from all complicity in the crime which is to use the congress as its instrument.

—Every week which elapses before the intervention of foreigners commences pught to promote the triumph of the Italian cause. The experience of freedom, the fact of independence, the consciousness of national life, should be incomparably more valuable than declamations at home or promises and exhortations from abroad. Possession compels injustice to take the form of encroachment, while it involves the command of all the moral and material resources of the country. Ducal pretenders, papal mercenaries, and even foreign protectors must henceforth appear as invaders if they come at all. Italy has no want of chivalrous leaders, and their armies ought to be daily increasing in numbers and in discipline. A strong and united kingdom, determined to maintain its own unity, will, sooner or later, become conventionally visible even to the purblind eyes of diplomacy. There is a residuum of truth even in the windy extravagances of Mazzini, though it is not necessary that Victor Emmanuel, by following his advice, should prove himself a fool for the purpose of becoming a hero. It is, however, undeniable that twenty-six millions, or half twenty-six millions of men, have their destinies in their own control.

The king of Sardinia is certainly not called upon to assert Italian unity by declaring war, at Mazzini's bidding, against the only other considerable Italian power. Naples may perhaps, sooner or later, join the national cause, and any attempt to oppose it would be lightly punished by the deposition of the reigning dynasty; but, in the mean time, Piedmont ought carefully to abstain from any violation of the established rules of international law. The aid of a Neapolitan revolution, even if it were desirable in itself, would be dearly purchased at the cost of a new excuse for French or Austrian interference. The republican disclaimer, as usual, proposes to resist disciplined legions by means of an imaginary levy of enthusiastic insurgents. If there were any use in reasoning with dreamy agitators, it might

be asked why the latent myriads of combatants have not long since proved their own existence, and imposed an irresistible obligation on the king whom their leader compliments and suspects. Victor Emmanuel would never have accepted the armistice of Villafranca if one-half of the figurative patriots offered by Mazzini had been in arms to aid him in prosecuting the war. If, indeed, he had proclaimed unity—if he had said this and professed that—innumerable hosts would, it seems, have sprung from the earth to sweep Austria from the face of Italy. Perhaps it might have been as well first to accomplish the task, and then to dispose, as circumstances might allow, of the independence which would have been secured. Whatever doubts may be entertained of the character of Victor Emmanuel it would be at least as easy to deal with a native king as with a foreign conqueror.

There is a certain inconsistency in Mazzini's counsels which might be embarrassing in practice although it by no means interferes with the fluency of patriotic rhetoric. The king is exhorted to imitate Danton and the French Convention in their vigorous measures, and at the same time to allow unlimited freedom of speech, of printing, and of assembling. Simple students of history, after reading hundreds of French apologies, have never yet been able to understand how the September massacres conducted to the defeat of the European coalition. The successful struggle of France is sufficiently explained by the negotiations of Brunswick with Dumouriez by the suicidal jealousies between Austria and Prussia, and finally, by the qualities of the veterans who fought on the frontiers while the republican levies were gradually learning to become soldiers. There is not the smallest pretext for setting up a guillotine in Turin, but Italy would do well to imitate the stern defiance which the French Republic hurled against all foreign invaders. The rigid dictatorship of the Committee of Public Safety, and the entire suppression of all public discussion, may not perhaps be necessary to the success of the national struggle; but it is strange that modern Jacobins should complain of the moderate control which was assumed during the war by the Piedmontese government over the reactionary press. The convention would probably have admitted the assassins of Anvitù to the honors of a public sitting, and to the complimentary embrace of the president of the day; but in this respect, also, the king of Sardinia may be excused for departing from the orthodox revolutionary precedent.

In 1813, the kingdom of Prussia, then reduced to five millions of inhabitants, raised two hundred and fifty thousand regular troops

for the war of liberation against the French. At this moment Piedmont and the provinces of Central Italy command a larger number of trained soldiers, and their population cannot be less than ten or eleven millions. The valleys of the Po and of the Arno are incomparably richer than the sands of Northern Germany, and Garibaldi is as famous, as popular, and as daring as Blucher himself. It will be easy to hold the *Papalini* in awe, and to check the possible insolence of the Neapolitan government. The appearance of more formidable enemies is not even certain, for France, seems once more to be leaning to the cause of justice, and Austria single-handed will scarcely venture to renew the war at the risk of a Hungarian insurrection. The question of Italian unity may safely be postponed, and in general it may be said that big words and abstractions are likely to do as little for Italy in future as they have done since the commencement of Mazzini's unprosperous career.

From The Economist, 15 Oct.

AUSTRIA AS A BULWARK AGAINST FRANCE.

THERE is in England a considerable party of politicians whose hatred to France under Louis Napoleon is so great that they have become entirely indifferent to Italian liberty and independence. They only fear France and her ruler. They care not how long or how despotically Austria is permitted to rule in Italy, if only the European league against French aggression could be revived and strengthened. What Austria has done, and what she has caused to be done in Italy, is ranked by them among the "venial peccadilloes" of nations. The sympathy of our English statesmen with Italy is only a "beneficent will-o'-the-wisp," which our government may be excused for "pursuing among the mazes and pitfalls of Italian politics," if only they do not allow it to divert them from the more serious purpose of frustrating the ambitious objects of France. This class of politicians occupy themselves with lamenting that Russia and Austria have been alienated from the anti-Gallican cause. "The fourfold cord," they say, "which for forty years has pinioned the arms of French ambition, is now reduced to but two strands." And they bitterly lament the simplicity and ignorance of the statesmen who have allowed the fanciful idea of Italian independence to render them insensible to the importance of maintaining in full efficiency the alliance of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England against France. They maintain that, however much you may diminish or neutralize the influence of Austria in Italy, by the foundation of a strong and united kingdom in North Italy, no end would be answered by

that result worthy for a moment to be compared in importance with the necessity of keeping the cordial alliance of Austria for the purposes of an anti-Gallican league. Such are the views strenuously maintained at the present moment by some of the most able of our contemporaries. The great hopes which are growing up for Italy are laughed at, and the growth of French influence in Europe pointed to as the only really important result of the recent campaign. The inference is, that if England would be wise, she would abandon the restless advocacy of the Italian cause for the sake of cementing the alliance with Germany, which can now alone avail us against France; nay, that could she retrace her steps, she ought not again to permit the interference of France in the quarrels between the mild government of Vienna and the complaining populations of Lombardy and the duchies.

Now, we hold the view thus consistently and laboriously advocated by some of our most brilliant contemporaries to be not merely quite false in principle, but, even fully admitting the dangers with which the restless people, army, and ruler of France threaten us, to be quite a false estimate of the best kind of security against them. It is not only unworthy of Englishmen to advocate connivance at, or even a kind of sanction of, the Austrian rule in Italy, for the sake of keeping intact our Austrian alliance out of Italy, but we have not the smallest reason to believe that such a line of action would have answered its end. Had England thrown the weight of her influence into the Austrian scale on the Italian question, and so succeeded in warding off the intervention of France in Italy; or had she more recently advocated the cause of the archdukes and sustained Austria and France in their objections to the extension of the Piedmontese kingdom over Central Italy, what would have been the result to her general influence in Europe? And how would such a policy have affected the special danger which she and Prussia alike incur from the aggressive tendencies of France? In the first place, England would have been untrue to her own most characteristic traditions, and would have thereby forfeited the regard, not only of liberal Italians, but of the liberal party in Europe at large,—and even of that influential party in France itself which is proud of the part played by the emperor towards Italy, and would never have forgiven the hereditary foe of France for any attempt to thwart his purposes. We should have played into the hands of the emperor by such a policy, and facilitated, under conditions the most favorable to himself, the very war for which he could most easily enlist the enthusiasm of his subjects. Rapidly gladly and he would have turned upon us, and exhibited us to Europe

in the same false position of patronizing an oppressive dynasty which drew down upon England in the old days of the first revolution the hatred of the people of France. Could he only justly or even plausibly have accused us of postponing indefinitely the independence and unity of Italy,—could he have shown up our government in the act of eulogizing the humanity of the Austrian rule in Lombardy or pleading the cause of the refugee dukes, or insisting on the danger of strengthening Piedmont or disturbing Hungary, he would have been more than repaid for our obstructions to his Italian enterprise.

Then, indeed, he could with plausibility, and with the support of much European sympathy, have renewed the crusade of his uncle against England as the one great enemy of the rights of nationality. He might even have affected to liberate Europe from the intolerable selfishness of English policy. And had he done so, do we suppose for a moment that Austria would have rendered us any assistance? Almost as well, to use Mr. Bright's metaphor, might we expect a horse that is on the banks of a river to render assistance to the fish that swims in its waters. No doubt, in the old wars against Napoleon, Austria did render some service, and had the union against him been earlier consolidated, would have rendered very effective service. But she was not then burdened with insubordinate provinces so powerful and so full of hate, as she is now. We all know, from the experience of the Russian war, how cordial her aid is likely to be against any enemy who does not immediately threaten her own frontier. We all know whether Austria could or could not afford to invade France for the mere sake of effecting a diversion in favor of England. And yet, for so insignificant a probability as this, the anti-Gallican party would have us sacrifice all our traditional sympathies with Italian independence, and incur the odium as well as the guilt of sustaining the Austrian power in the Peninsula.

To us it seems that the true and high-principled policy is also the wisest, even in direct reference to the possible enmity of France. We do not disguise from ourselves that the warlike preparations in the French arsenal may be aimed at England, nor that we shall need all the help we can righteously get to foil any such aim. But is it of no moment in what cause and in connection with what immediate antecedents we resist France, if it come to that? Is it of no moment that we should be regarded as representing, not merely the cause of English freedom and independence, but of European freedom and independence when that conflict comes? Will it add nothing to our prospect of success, that while calmly supporting the policy of France

so far as it was favorable to national independence, we became embroiled with her only when she instituted an attack on national independence? The politicians of whom we speak not only overestimate vastly the physical importance to England of an alliance with Austria, but underestimate still more the moral importance to England of a pure and consistent European policy. This is not a kind of mistake into which the emperor of the French himself would ever fall. More than once has he marked most significantly his estimate of the importance of a good cause, by putting forth some public apology for, and personally disowning the odium of, a bad cause. And we may be sure that he will postpone, even if he meditates, an attack on England, until he can surprise us in an act of apparent injustice,—in defending, for example, a cause so unpopular and so unworthy of England, as the Austrian cause in Italy. And even should he, under the influence of the senseless enthusiasm of the French army for a war with England, anticipate a good opportunity for a rupture, we may feel sure that Englishmen will fight with far greater ardor, and with the consciousness of far more European sympathy, and therefore, probably, with far speedier and more deserved success, than they could do if to them were fairly "imputed" all the well-known moral qualities of the Austrian government, and the responsibility of maintaining intact the terms of the contract of Vienna.

From The Press, 8 Oct.

PRUSSIA AND HER POLICY.

THE tempest which has so lately spent its full force upon the plains of Northern Italy, made itself felt far beyond the immediate limits of the country which was the chief scene of its fury. The great tide of conquest which swept over Lombardy was not content with the simple exploit of inundating a whole province with blood. Far away amidst the gloomy forests of Hungary might be traced the ripples of its retreating waters, and long after the blasts of war had ceased the heavy ground swell yet remained to attest the magnitude and the reality of the storm which had just passed away. Of all other European powers, its effects are nowhere more apparent than in the present attitude of Prussia. Removed by many long leagues from the actual scene of conflict, it would at first sight seem surprising that the battles of Magenta and Solferino should have stirred to the very depths the proverbially sluggish waters of the German mind. The recent conduct of Austria to her neighbor and ally had not been such as to call forth on the part of Prussia any very ardent sympathies on her behalf. For some months previously there had been

a perceptible coolness, which was rapidly ripening into actual estrangement, between the two most prominent members of the federal league. As a German power, Prussia could not look on unmoved at the adoption of a line of policy in Italy which tended to precipitate a war of races. As a Protestant country, she witnessed with disgust the conclusion of the concordat and the rampant intolerance which marked the rule of Austria in the days of her prosperity. As a rival in the councils of the Bund, she had at every step to encounter the underhand machinations of the empire, and its constant intrigues with the minor states. In the abstract, Prussia had every thing to gain by the humiliation of a neighbor with whom she had lately lived on such unneighborly terms. Nor is it probable that this view of the subject escaped the penetration of the able and liberal prince who, luckily for her, had been placed at the head of affairs at so critical a moment. It would be hard to say that no thoughts entered his mind of aiming at that leadership in the councils of Germany which Austria had virtually abdicated for the time. The prize was all but within his grasp, and he would have been more than human had the forbidden fruit wanted attractions for his eyes alone. Yet he deserves all the credit which can attach to one who relinquished his cherished aspirations as the true bearings of the struggle developed themselves. Time went on, and as the mists rolled away, which had hitherto veiled the purposes of Napoleon, the aim and object of his policy stood out in all its naked deformity. Nothing less was intended than the utter annihilation of the alliance of 1815. Russia had already been successfully detached; it was now the turn of Germany. Of the German powers, Austria had been selected first, because, the easiest, victim. Could the emperor of the French have succeeded in isolating her from her natural allies, the work was already done. In the mean time, the position of Prussia was perilous in the extreme. Already a powerful French corps had been formed in the Rhenish provinces, and ominous cries were again heard that France had but one natural frontier to the east, and that frontier was the Rhine. The ablest and most unscrupulous of her generals was already at the head of what was termed, with bitter satire, "The army of observation." Post after post brought tidings of the prowess of the French arms, and of the repeated humiliation of Austria. Happily for herself and for the peace of Europe, Prussia took her line at once, and took it decidedly. Had she yielded to the persuasions of Austria, the campaign of Italy might have been checked, but it would have been at the expense of a European war. Had she, on the other hand, sought only to triumph over an ancient rival,

she might have attained the object of her ambition, but the cause of Germany would have been lost, perhaps forever. Tempting as was either alternative at the moment, both would have led ultimately to disaster and disgrace, if not to absolute ruin. The middle path was here indeed the safest in the end. Prussia chose without hesitation a course which, however far it fell short of the expectations on either side, was, by the confession of Louis Napoleon himself, the chief among those causes which put an end to the war. By doing so she has, like all third parties, incurred the hatred of both combatants. Austria can never forgive the fact that she was prepared to witness without a blow her expulsion from Venetian Lombardy. France will hardly forget that she had armed, and that any invasion of federal territory would have seen a German army under the leadership of Prussia in full march for Paris. These are but the ordinary incidents of a moderate policy, but they tend seriously to complicate the present relations of Prussia. She is, as it were, thrown back perforce upon England. We are now in the unenviable position of being the only two countries who are at the same time obnoxious to France in a religious as well as in a political point of view. Hated by the "parti prêtre" and the *Univers* as heretics, we sinned too grievously at Waterloo, and in our subsequent joint occupation of the French capital, to expect forgiveness without a reservation. Belgium may be more obnoxious by its proximity, by its possession of Antwerp, and by the violence of its press, but its very size renders it rather an object of contempt than of aversion. But England with its enormous resources, and Prussia with her perfect system of defensive organization, are the real eyesores to France. One or other of us seems destined to act as the next safety-valve for the empire. To do Napoleon justice, we believe that, personally, he harbors no hostile feelings against either. The misfortune is that in an evil moment he has thrust himself into a position from which he cannot retreat with honor, and which yet it is impossible to maintain with honesty. He has attained the summit of his desires only to find himself compelled to pander to those passions which he himself was the first to call forth. Nominally an absolute sovereign, there breathes not in reality upon the face of the earth a man who is a more absolute slave to the popular will. Like the Romans of old, the Gaul of the present day clankers only for "*Panem et Circenses*," but woe be to the man who has the hardihood to deny to him these necessities of his existence. If amusement can no longer be found at home, it must be sought for him at the expense of his neighbors. It is this utter

recklessness of any thing save the gratification of a morbid desire for change, and the supply of perpetual food for the national vanity, which constitutes the peculiar danger of French ambition. Whatever may be the real wishes of Napoleon, against the bent of the national character he is absolutely powerless. Pre-eminently the apostle of expediency, it would never enter into his head to oppose himself on grounds of principle to any decided manifestation of the national will. As yet he has contrived to guide public opinion simply by anticipating the wishes of the masses. No one who has watched his course will doubt that the sword which has just been sheathed would be drawn against England or Prussia with as little compunction as it was lately brandished against Austria. And it is this fact which may well increase the anxieties of the Prince Regent. Our own case is in many respects different. Whatever may be the merits of steam navigation, the British Channel can never be reduced to the level of the Rhine as a barrier to an invading army; while for a large portion of her frontier Prussia lacks even this frail defence against her ancient foe. Possessing no navy worthy of the name, her commerce is absolutely at the mercy of a maritime power. One of her richest districts, the Palatinate, has from time immemorial been the first prize of an invader. For an obstinate resistance she is indeed amply prepared, but the struggle must be waged upon her own soil, and her fairest provinces will in the mean time become a prey to all the horrors of war. The support of Austria, too, would be extremely problematical at the outset, and for any favors which she might ultimately bestow she would be sure to exact a heavy price. In the face of such difficulties it will require no ordinary hand successfully to pilot the vessel of the state through the shoals and quicksands by which she is now surrounded. To all appearance, some sort of congress must assemble before the rough draft of the Villafranca breakfast-table can be licked into the shape of a treaty. Every art of diplomacy will there be employed to wrest from Prussia her vantage-ground. She must be prepared to encounter the direct reproaches of her former friends, as well as the not less dangerous suggestions of her secret enemies. She, like ourselves, has the battle of constitutionalism to fight, yet with far less real liberty of independent action. If the combat preserve a straightforward course, all will in the end be well; but she may rest assured that every nerve will be strained to turn her from the path of duty, to isolate her from her present allies, and thus to insure her eventual downfall.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Oct.

GERMAN POLITICS.

A LIBERAL movement which, superficially at least, depends for success on the recognition and guidance afforded it by princes, is sure to advance very slowly and very tortuously. The agitation in favor of a reconstruction of the Germanic confederation has been so far fortunate that it is no longer despised or passed over in silence; but the duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose countenance brought it into notice, has naturally incurred the censure of the great state to which all reforms are equally distasteful and dangerous. Austria, though Count Rechberg, has administered a reproof to the duke, and has accused him of fostering schemes the ultimate aim of which can tend to nothing except the humiliation of Austria. The duke was able to shelter himself under the double cloak of his irresponsibility as a sovereign prince, and of the very vague words in which the address to him was framed and his answer to it was couched. It is true, and every one knows it to be true, that the party who wish for a change wish also to reduce the authority and influence of Austria. But there is nothing expressly to indicate this in the terms of the proposal for a new federal organization. The duke of Saxe-Coburg was therefore quite at liberty to give the bearers of the address to him a friendly reception. The sovereignty, also, which he might not object to abandon if his dreams of a united Germany could be realized, may as well be made use of while it lasts; and it was an obvious reply to the Austrian circular that if the emperor of Austria had any complaint to make he might write himself to make it. Prussia has also had the benefit of receiving the opinion of Austria on the proposed reform, and has replied, as might have been expected, that its perfect confidence in the character of the duke of Saxe-Coburg prevented its supposing that any harm was meant.

All these circulars and replies are utterly insignificant, except so far as they fix the position of the reforming states towards Austria. The real motive force lies not in the cabinets of princes, but in the opinion of Northern Germany. The representatives of the reform movement have already attained the distinction that attends on the victims of a petty and ineffectual persecution. They met at Frankfort, and were proceeding very satisfactorily, when the municipal authorities of the city were reminded that no political meetings were to be held in a town that was the chosen centre of the confederation. That the movement was not unpopular in Frankfort may be gathered from the fact that a considerable portion of the leaders belonged to the place;

but the authorities had no choice. The warning was given, and the reformers have had to retire into Westphalia. There they hope to continue their deliberations. We cannot find that their enemies have any thing worse to say of them than that about one-fifth of them are editors or professors. This is, for Germany, a very small proportion; and that four-fifths of any assembly of volunteer reformers should be unconnected with the two callings that are most easily entered by clever men interested in politics, seems much more remarkable than that one-fifth should be drawn from these sources. The composition of the association, and the very various quarters of Germany from which it comes, make it clear that the thought of federal reform has sunk into the minds of persons of different classes, callings, and traditions. But no association can contribute, except partially and indirectly, to such a change as the destruction and remodelling of an organization affecting twenty reigning princes and forty millions of men. The reform movement is not due to a reform league, but to the lesson which Germans generally have drawn from the history of the late war. In the moment of trial the confederation broke down. It had not sufficient vitality to relieve Prussia from the necessity of acting for herself; but it had just sufficient vitality to make it very difficult for Prussia to take advantage of the resources which Germany offered her. The patched-up peace of Villafranca has for the time saved the confederation; but although the conservatism of the country will do its utmost to prevent a great change, an institution which once failed signally in the eyes of all men is irrevocably doomed to perish sooner or later.

Two causes, besides the hostility of Austria, tend to keep things as they are. The court of Berlin is naturally disinclined to give any very open sanction to projects by which Prussia is to receive a great increase of power; and the regent has many personal reasons for discountenancing the ardor of his self-elected friends. He considers, probably, that all projects for a reform of the confederation have hitherto been far too much bound up with the general programme of the democratic party, and he has all the feelings against a democratic programme which are natural to an old soldier, a reigning monarch, and a warm friend of the emperor of Russia. He may see that the day must come when the confederation will be broken up and Prussia rise to a more acknowledged and unfettered leadership than she possesses at present; but there is a great difference between a general political anticipation and personal manoeuvres for a personal advantage. The virtues, as

well as the prejudices of the regent are therefore in the way of his pushing on the cause which the reformers have at heart.

But a still greater obstacle in their path is the opposition of what are technically known as the kingdoms. Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover do not approve of any plan by which they are to be absorbed either in Austria or Prussia. They think themselves too big fish to be swallowed decently like the tiny duchies which form the remainder of the German States. They are, however, aware that the confederation cannot last; and they are, therefore, always busy with new schemes of their own. Their projects all come to the same end. There are to be three powers in Germany—Austria, Prussia, and the remaining states under the guidance of the kingdoms. All sorts of fanciful contrivances are imagined to carry out an idea to which it is so obviously impossible to give a practical shape. There are schemes for a federal court, schemes for a federal military system, schemes for a federal commander in time of peace. These plans emanate from persons belonging to the different governments that are influenced by these common hopes and fears; and it is worth observing that this time it is from governments, or at least from the governing classes, that unpractical and pedantic proposals come, while the changes advocated by the reformers are based on an historical ground. In the final adjustment of the confederation the jealousy felt by the kingdoms towards Prussia is sure to find some expression, but we may be quite certain that none of the paper schemes of reform with which these governments busy themselves can ever come to any issue whatever. The existing confederation, although it has done excellent service in its time, has its transparent deficiencies; but it is a masterpiece of practical wisdom as compared with a plan for administering Germany by means of a tripartite federal authority, so contrived that the bigger small states could unite to make Prussia as powerless as possible.

The duke of Saxe-Coburg declares that, so far from being unwilling that Germany should assist Austria in the late war, he was using every effort to procure her effectual assistance, when he was stopped by the Peace of Villafranca. There is not the slightest reason to doubt his sincerity. With scarcely an exception, the minor German states were in favor of going to war if Austria was threatened with any danger to her lines of defence. The fact is, that Germany, unless united, is very weak, and offers an easy prey either to

a French or a Russian invader. The North Germans can therefore never afford to break with Austria, or to neglect her when in danger; and Prussia, while choosing her path in the field of purely German politics, has always to keep before her mind the very probable contingency of a foreign war. When in England we hear plans for giving Prussia the acknowledged leadership of Germany, we must remember that Prussia has alarmingly good grounds for thinking that she is to be the next victim of French aggression. The partisans of the emperor long ago proclaimed that it was the intention of their master to work off Austria first, and then Prussia. If the war had been prolonged this year, Prussia would have joined Austria, and thus established a claim on Austria in case she herself is attacked. But France may manage to have another short war, and may find Prussia for the moment as isolated as Austria. The consciousness of the great danger to which she is thus exposed will, we may be sure, prevent Prussia from allowing the movement for federal reform to become a ground for ill-feeling between herself and the power on whom, in the hour of danger, she will most rely. The war has also disclosed the very great peril in which Austria now stands. The world knows as well as she knows, that her existence is at stake. Her provinces have shown a spirit which it will be very difficult for her to subdue, and which, if not subdued, must lead to her disruption, or to her undergoing an entire transformation. She may lose Hungary and her eastern provinces, in which case the leadership of Germany would be practically settled, as Austria would be little more than a second-rate power. Or she may be the head of a group of provinces having a distinct existence of their own, in which case she would be no longer able to dispose of her non-German forces to maintain her German interests. The time, therefore, is evidently not come for any change in the present federal system. Some arrangements may possibly be made in order to render the resources of the confederation more immediately available in case of war; but until Prussia is released from the fear of a French war, and the internal constitution of Austria is settled, there can be no federal change on a large scale or likely to be permanently acceptable. The reformers are quite right to work in the direction in which the change must come when it does come, but the hour is not yet arrived when they can hope to see the reward of their labors.

From The Economist, 29 Oct.
THE STATE OF EUROPE.

WE hear from very many quarters complaints that the state of Europe is unsettled. It is said that a vague spirit of apprehension prevails both here and abroad—doubtless in some countries more than in others, but to some extent in all. We know that the public securities of the principal states of Europe are not at so high a price as we should expect them to be, when no European war is raging, and when money is very cheap. It cannot but be important to inquire whether this general apprehension is merely fanciful, or whether it is based on serious facts.

With regard to the events of the moment, we do not hesitate to say broadly that there is very little, if any, reason for fear. We see no immediate reason for apprehending a war at the present time between any two European states: we see no reason for anticipating a lamentable convulsion in the interior of any state. We are sanguine as to the prospects of Italy. Her external dangers are far less than they were: the moral strength which she herself has shown is quite a new element in the calculation of her future. The difference between Spain and Morocco is, in a general European view, if important at all, not so in itself, but only in reference to the opening it may give to that restless spirit in France to which we shall soon have occasion to refer. Trade is now very large; we believe that it is profitable, and that it will probably improve. All the indications of the moment seem to promise quietude and repose.

But if we look for the permanent signs of the future, we shall be much less satisfied. Let us throw aside the detail of the moment, and consider the events of the last few years as they really are, and as a whole. The revolution of February, 1848, was the end of a quiet age. Ever since the peace of Vienna, Europe had been calm: it had sometimes apprehended confusion and general war, but the event has always shown that the apprehension was unfounded. The spirit of the great monarchies had been for some years pacific; and, though revolution was dreaded, it was not dreaded nearly so much as it is now. Our own annual estimates show how little anxiety we felt then among us, in comparison with that which we feel now. We paid in 1844, £14,726,000 for the army, the navy, and the ordnance; we paid in 1858, £21,850,000. The cost of insurance—to use Lord Lyndhurst's expression—had, therefore, increased nearly fifty per cent. between those years. And this year we are paying a great advance even on the last-named sum.

Two very dangerous elements emerged with distinctness from the confused period between

1848 and 1852. The first of these was new in recent history, though ancient history furnishes more than one parallel tolerably near. It is the union of *ultra-despotism* with *ultra-democracy*. The old despotisms of Europe had been based on ancestral feeling, on traditional respect, on the acquiescence of all classes of the community, of the higher almost as much, though not quite as much, as of the lower. The government of Louis Napoleon is the first instance, on a large scale in modern Europe, of a government popular with the lower orders of the community,—endured for the sake of its tangible benefits by the industrial classes, but opposed to the aspirations of the best national intelligence,—silencing the expression of all political thought,—living in spite of the thinkers. We have never been of those who made light of the foundation of his power, or of those who believed that the acquiescence of France in his rule was an unaccountable act of freak and folly. We were too well aware how potent a sentiment the dread of revolution is and must be among those who live by industry,—we know how readily they would obey any ruler who would give them peace, and how eagerly they would welcome the partiality of the peasantry for the name of Napoleon, because it was a source of strength to the government, and therefore a source of quiet to themselves. We have not to do with these things now. We have only to observe that the French government, as it stands, is avowedly and on principle, the chosen representative of the lowest orders in the community. We have to deal with a government which combines the secrecy, the uniformity of plan, the consistent conduct, of a despotism, with the motives, the sentiments, the feelings, which guide an unbridled democracy.

What the popular feeling of France towards us or towards Europe now is, or is likely to be, must be a difficult matter to ascertain, nor do the best observers agree upon it. Upon the one side it is said and doubtless with truth, that the French nation is become infinitely more industrial of late years than it used to be, and that the spirit of industry is essentially pacific. On the other side it is said that the old feeling of enmity towards England is still strong, and the tendency to territorial ambition is not dead. Perhaps it is not wonderful that observers of the French nation do not agree in their account of its feelings, for perhaps that nation scarcely knows itself what they are. Popular sentiments are always vague and changing, and shrink from a precise expression. But two things we may be sure of. First, that as all democracies are to a proverb excitable, and as the French nation is more than any other nation excitable, so a French democracy

will be excitable from both causes—from the peculiarities of the government and from the qualities of the race. Secondly, that as this excitability can have, while this form of government continues, no adequate food, we might say no food, *within*, it will have to catch at means of excitement from without. It may be quiet at times:—it does not seem to have been much excited at the Italian war, which was not at first popular, and which perhaps did not last long enough to rouse the national spirit;—but some time or other we may be sure this excitable people will, in the course of years, be excited on some European question or another—not the less excited if it is a question which will bring them into collision with ourselves, and then there will and must be ground for doubt, anxiety, and apprehension to Europe generally as well as to ourselves.

We have to add to the dangerous qualities of this singular government, the dangerous peculiarities of the remarkable man who is at its head. We may again observe, that we have never written so bitterly or thought so ill of him as many of our contemporaries have. We have always believed that he is a man of the greatest force of character, and that he is possessed, if not of genius, yet of gifts more commonly useful,—of selective judgment, tentative ability, and a watchful disposition. He seems to have a very *useable* mind, if we may say so; he is able, after time and after deliberation, to choose the best means, to find the best men, to select the best opportunity, for getting what he wants. He has often been baffled,—doubtless he is now baffled by the singular self-control and judgment of the Italian populations,—yet, on the whole, he is a very successful man. His career could not have been what it is, if he had not been wonderfully gifted with the very *practical* qualities we have mentioned. To attempt to get at the secret plans and remote aims of such a man as Louis Napoleon is an indication of folly. We do not know that he *has* any thing which can be called a *plan*. But we know two things about him. We know from works published many years before he was emperor of France, that he contemplated the revival of the empire of his uncle,—not in detail, but in spirit. It is not difficult to see in those works that he was aware of some of the causes of his uncle's downfall, and that he had no wish to remake the map of Europe to the same extent or in the same spirit of exaggeration. But he tells us that he wished, like his predecessor, to surround France with a group of protected states, nominally independent, but really dependent. It is impossible to say how far the works he published formerly represent his present views. But it is certain that his mind

is remarkable for tenacity, and that he rarely, if ever, abandons any of his first ideas. This is one fact which we know of the French emperor. We know, also, that he is taking care that, whatever his plans may be, he shall have the means of executing them. We do not assert that his vast preparations for warfare both by land and sea indicate a formed design against this country or any other country; but it is childish to deny that they indicate a fixed intention to make France the preponderating power in Europe, and to enable him to put forth her strength for whatever ends and wherever he pleases. In this connection the results of the Italian campaign are very important. It used to be said, that “no matter what forces Louis Napoleon may accumulate, he will never dare to use them; he is no general himself, and dare not intrust his forces to any one else, who, if successful, will be a rival and a difficulty to him.” This, however, can now be said no longer. Military critics may differ as to the exact degree of power which the Emperor Napoleon has exhibited, and it is not possible to know how much he may have been indebted to the advice of others. But one thing is evident,—he has shown sufficient military knowledge, discretion, and capacity to handle an army efficiently in the field,—to direct, at least after consultation with others, immense strategical operations; in a word, he has led a vast army, through many manœuvres, to victory. It is now, therefore, impossible to say that he will have a personal disinclination to employ his troops in active service; he has shown that he is able to guide them himself; it will be fortunate if he does not *wish* to do so. Our position, therefore, with regard to the first results of the revolutionary period from 1848 to 1852 is simply this. We have an ambitious and excitable people headed by a man of singular capacity; they are under a despotic government, avowedly based on universal suffrage, and therefore giving no power to any one, save the lowest order of the people and the one man they have chosen; they are possessed of unexampled military power, and their emperor is certainly able, and is probably willing, to use that power aggressively. If there should be tempting opportunities for foreign interference, such a nation, under such a ruler, is certain to be very dangerous.

Unfortunately the second result of the revolutionary period that immediately followed 1848 is likely to cause constant changes in Europe, and therefore to give many chances of interference. Those years left the revolutionary party in Europe subdued and suppressed, and the liberal party depressed and disappointed. The revolutionary party shows, we rejoice to say, no signs of recovery; but the liberal party shows very many. If the

hopes of Central Italy be gratified, the moderate liberals throughout Europe cannot but be strengthened and renovated and emboldened. They will try to rid themselves of the despotic governments which oppress them, and the result must be a long series of changes,—doubtless in themselves beneficial and to be hoped for,—but, nevertheless, giving many promising openings to a preponderating neighbor who wishes to interfere.

Such being the state of Europe, we cannot but regard its probable fortunes for the next few years with doubt and apprehension. Our own duty is clear; we must assist the moderate liberal party throughout Europe to the utmost of our ability, and we must take the most watchful and unceasing care to secure ourselves against aggression. We must not allow a base selfishness to induce us to neglect the first duty, or a niggardly economy to make us disregard the second. But when all that can be done has been done, there will still be much reason for caution and doubt. We cannot go back to the comparatively calm time before 1848. A very difficult duty is laid upon the present generation, and we must meet it as we can.

From The Economist, 29 Oct.

THE FRENCH POLICY FOR ITALY.

THE statement, which seems to be consistent with all we know, and which has now been often reiterated, that France is to advance to Austria at least a large part of that proportion of the Lombard debt for which Piedmont is to be responsible, and to receive from Piedmont the interest on that advance,—points to a very dangerous element in the present condition of the Italian Peninsula. We have always held that Italy's principal risk in inviting French interference on her behalf, was in the well-known "Napoleonic idea" that contemplates a dependent kingdom on the other side of the Alps. To a great extent the admirable conduct of the Italian states has thwarted this Napoleonic aspiration. There has been no pretence for that interference to preserve or re-establish order, for which, we have little doubt that the emperor of the French hoped. He knew well it was not prudent to brave European opinion, and set Italy at defiance, by causeless and arbitrary interference. As we have often reiterated, we do not believe for a moment that France can permit Austria to attempt such an interference. And yet we see great room for anxiety as to the result, and great reason for stimulating the efforts of our own foreign office on behalf of the expressed wishes of the peoples of Central Italy. It is not that the reiterated rumors as to other arrangements for Central Italy would in them-

selves disturb us—such rumors, for instance, as that credited in M. Debraux's pamphlet which has just appeared in Paris, that "the grand duke of Tuscany is to return to his states, the duke of Modena to abdicate, the young duke of Parma to have Modena, and Parma with Piacenza and Pontremoli to be given to Piedmont;"—for if no compulsion be really used, these arrangements are simply impossible,—they are as much in contravention of the will of the Italian people as those which have been superseded. What we really see reason to fear is, that the claims which France has obviously gained upon Piedmont, as well pecuniary as moral, in the large loans of the *matériel* of war, and in the new advance which is said to have been made on her behalf to Austria in respect of the Lombard debt, may be used to prevent, partially or entirely, Piedmont's acceptance of the trust which is offered her by the states of Central Italy. France may be willing to respect outwardly the Italian peoples, to use no physical force, to permit none to be used. But if she presses Piedmont with the obligations incurred to her, and entirely refuses her assent to the consolidation of a strong North Italian kingdom, she may gradually educe a result quite as mischievous, and even more so so far as it is much less likely to draw out a definite and strong Italian resistance, than the forcible interference of Austria.

France may very possibly,—we are not without fears that she will,—pursue a policy of this kind. She may by the use of her influence with Piedmont successfully postpone the actual union of the North Italian states under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel until the matter can come before a European congress. In such a congress she may play dexterously on the sympathies which Prussia and Russia are sure to entertain in favor of the abstract rights of legitimate sovereigns, and, by disavowing any forcible interference, may prevent the working of active sympathy on behalf of the Italians. At the same time she may really succeed in withholding the sanction of Europe from Piedmont's actual assumption of authority, or even in securing the opinion of the congress against such a step. She may back this European veto by making her own moral and pecuniary claims strongly felt. And thus she may succeed in greatly embarrassing the Italian solution of the Italian question. She may then turn round and offer a compromise which even Austria and the other powers would accept,—which would give Piedmont a definite though much smaller extension of territory, and yet secure a partial return to the old system in the duchies. Every temptation might then be applied to induce Sardinia and Central Italy to acquiesce in this compromise;—

on the one hand, indefinite and protracted uncertainty, no European settlement, no guarantee against Austrian or papal intrigues, no security against French caprices, no union with Piedmont, but a mere prolongation of the present preliminary condition of things;—on the other hand, a promise of definite and popular reforms,—a real extension to the territory of Piedmont, a European guarantee to Italy, and the friendly protection of France. It is not impossible that such a policy might succeed. And if it did, France would have realized her Napoleonic idea,—of a dependent kingdom in Northern Italy. Sardinia would be too weak to make head against her influence,—the duchies would be open to it as a counterfoil to Austria; French policy in Italy would probably be supreme.

The French policy we have sketched out is, we say, a possible if not probable policy, and quite consistent with the strange terms of Villafranca and the crooked diplomacy which has apparently followed it. But England may and ought to do much to prevent its success. If our government does not hesitate to give full expression to the convictions of the English people, England's influence alone ought to be sufficient to defeat such a policy. Sardinia once convinced that she would still have one hearty friend and one strong ally among the great powers, even in case she should give effect to the wishes of the people of Central Italy, and assume the reins of government, would not be slow to use the advantage of actual occupation. And even if England could not secure her at present the guarantee of an European sanction to her attitude in Italy, she could do very much to prevent the dissatisfaction of the other powers from disheartening the Italians and inducing them to give in. A strong kingdom in North Italy, once organized, would not be the worse for a little anxiety;—it would draw the constituent states into a closer and more practical union. But there is real fear that, without the active and avowed sympathy of some one great power,—not sentimental only, but putting an authoritative veto on any foreign intervention,—Piedmont may be dragged into acquiescence in some fatal compromise. The Italian cause would be well served by the entrance of an Austrian army into the papal states,—but it may be ruined by the Fabian policy of long suspense, much doubt, many promises, and no physical opposition. It is against such influences as these that the courage of English statesmen and the sympathy of the English people may be most really efficient.

From The Saturday Review, 29 Oct.

THE RETIREMENT OF BARON HUBNER.

EUROPE, to its dismay, finds that it has another sick man within its borders; and if the new patient is not quite so ill as the old one, his illness affects his neighbors more closely. There can be no doubt that Austria is in such a state that no human sagacity can predict whether or not she will pull through the crisis. The position of her finances may be briefly described by saying that she barely averts bankruptcy by resorting to a combination of fraud and force. She has just confessed to Europe that she has swindled her creditors by concealing the amount of her debt, and her only conception of relief from her present embarrassment is to have recourse to a new forced loan. She is killing the goose to get at the golden eggs, and sacrifices the elements of commercial and agricultural prosperity in order to meet the daily wants of her administration. The great scheme invented by Prince Schwarzenberg and Baron Bach for welding together her heterogeneous provinces through a gigantic system of centralization, has ended in those provinces being almost openly opposed to her. Venetia has to be held at the sword's point; and the Tyrol, Hungary, and Croatia demand local independence with a pertinacity and assurance that show how little fear the emperor and his government now inspire. The remedy advised by friendly bystanders is reform. Austria ought to make her provinces independent—she ought to welcome civil and religious liberty—she ought to call in foreigners to develop her commerce and explore her resources. Unfortunately, this is like telling an invalid that the best thing he can do, is to get up, take a walk, and eat a good dinner. Austria does not reform, simply because she has not men who can conceive and carry out projects of reform, and because those who administer her affairs have been brought up from their cradles to think what Englishmen mean by reform to be not only inexpedient, but positively wrong. It is hard to us here to realize to ourselves the utter absence of political life that prevails in Vienna. First, there is the emperor, who, by a curious freak of popular favor, has obtained the epithet of the Chivalric, who was brought up in the strictest tenets of Ultramontanism, and whose whole interest is centred in working the splendid, but delusive mechanism of the Austrian army. Then there is the aristocracy—of all the upper classes of Europe infinitely the most trifling, narrow-minded, and exclusive. The inhabitants of Vienna

and of the German provinces have the child-
ishness without the better qualities of Ger-
mans. There remains only the bureaucracy,
the bulk of whom are timid, depressed, and
half-starved, although the leaders and chiefs
of administration are often men of real
ability, and have large and correct views of
the position and wants of the country. But
they are isolated. They are at once despised
and feared by the aristocracy. They are
weighed down by the heavy burden of the
Austrian traditions of government. They
have very inferior tools to work with when
they come to try practical measures. In
moments of extreme danger, therefore, they
may be sent for and listened to, but they are
unable to carry forward a gradual plan of
extensive reform.

The career of Baron Hübner supplies a
conspicuous instance. No one could have
had greater disadvantages of birth and sta-
tion to contend with, but his good fortune
threw him in the way of Prince Metternich,
who saw his worth and capacity. For more
than a quarter of a century he has taken an
active part in the conduct of the foreign af-
fairs of Austria. He has resided diplomati-
cally in places so different as Lisbon, Paris,
and Leipsic, and is thus able to bring a great
amount of varied experience to bear on the
consideration of what ought to be done at
home. At a moment when reform is neces-
sary, such a man is sorely needed; and yet
we learn this week that he has been forced
to retire from political life. All accounts
agree that the cause of his fall is that he
takes an estimate of what must be conceded
to Hungary which is not welcome to the em-
peror and the emperor's more immediate fol-
lowing. He has lately undertaken a semi-
official inspection of that country, and has
made it his business to understand what the
Hungarians want, and, still more, how much
they want it.

He has found that now Hungarians of all
ranks, races, and creeds are unanimous in de-
manding the restitution of their old constitu-
tion. For the first time since Hungary was
under the rule of an Austrian prince, the
nobles and the people, Magyars and Slaves,
Catholics and Protestants, unite to demand
the same thing. A man of wide experience
and large views can easily see that a nation
thus united is not to be trifled with. But the
advisers of the emperor think that very much
less will do for Hungary than the Hungarians
ask. They may be coaxed and bullied into
accepting a rather soft stone for bread. The
notions of reform which Baron Hübner sug-
gested would really imply a total alteration
in the government of Austria. If Austria
were to have Parliaments sitting, indepen-

dent provinces, and religious liberty, she
would no longer be the Austria which the
great people of Austria love. The thing
which they seek to preserve will perish by
the means taken to preserve it. An idle
aristocracy, and an emperor intent only on
reviewing his troops, will be out of keeping
if Austria undergoes a great change. Those,
therefore, who at present govern cling desper-
ately to the determination to avoid a great
change, and when Baron Hübner proposes a
great change, Baron Hübner has to retire.

It is impossible not to be struck with the
parallel which is presented between Austria
now and France before the first revolution.
There were able men in France who saw
clearly the necessity for reform. Turgot,
perhaps, for capacity and originality of politi-
cal thought had no superior in Europe. But
there were no tools with which to work out a
reform. The Bourbons and the aristocracy,
if they had been told that the only way of
averting revolution was that the upper classes
should engage in the toils of carrying on po-
litical life, and sacrifice their own immediate
interests in order to give wealth and content
to the tillers of the soil, would have thought
the remedy worse than the disease. If we
were to trust this parallel, we might prophesy
that Austria must break up as the old order
of things in France broke up. But historical
parallels never hold good, except in a very
limited and feeble way. It is not by any
means improbable that Austria will recover
from her present most dangerous malady, for
she has a fair chance of time being given her.
She is surrounded by neighbors who are
anxious that she should not be pressed too
hard. That there should be a strong power
in South Germany to co-operate with her
against France is a matter of life and death
for Prussia; and Russia does not, we may be
sure, desire to see any great and successful
movement for political liberty on the frontiers
of Poland. Austria, also, derives a certain
degree of strength from the favor she finds in
the eyes of the Catholic world; and a large
portion of her inhabitants, even in the dis-
affected provinces, are proud of belonging to
an empire that is much the most dutiful and
the most faithful child of the church. That
the changes which Baron Hübner judges nec-
essary must come, we have no doubt, and it
may very likely happen that, before long, he
may be recalled to make them. But the vital
question to Austria is, whether she will have
time to reconcile and accustom herself to a
new state of things—whether she will be able
to call into existence and make effectual use
of new principles and instruments of govern-
ment? She cannot possibly do this unless
she has leisure and repose given her; but she

may do it if she is left undisturbed, and is not hurried. She will be extraordinary lucky if she gets through the present crisis, but then her luck is proverbial.

From The Saturday Review.

THE EFFECTS OF DESPOTISM.

THE corps of French journals who see in the gloomy misgivings of Englishmen nothing but a craze, and who would deny that the imperial system plunges Europe into uncertainty and alarm, need not cross their own frontiers to discover a proof of the universal disquietude at which they sneer. London is not more disturbed by feelings of doubt and apprehension than Paris. Faith in the mild and pacific influence of the Napoleon dynasty is not more rife in their own provinces than it is on this side of the Channel. The fluctuations which from time to time sway the English funds are justified, and not unfrequently caused, by the intermittent fits of depression that agitate the Paris Bourse. While the returns of the board of trade for the last year indicate that commerce amongst ourselves has not been materially affected by the vicissitudes of the continent, commerce at this moment in the French capital and in the French departments may be said almost to stagnate. Even speculation, for which our neighbors have naturally so great a genius, languishes. Enterprise is very nearly at an end. Buyers will not buy, for they do not anticipate any approaching rise in the market. The negotiations which have been brought to a successful termination at Zurich may have assured peace, but have failed to revive confidence. The manufacturers both of the north and of the south complain that business never was so dull. In many places, we are told, the masters are working short time. In some they are reducing their establishments and discharging their superfluous hands. Unless some change for the better takes place, the most unenviable results may be anticipated. Such are the effects of a policy which professes to uphold national dignity abroad, and to maintain public tranquillity at home. No more complete answer need be given to those sycophants whose duty is to sound the praises of their imperial master, than the present condition of France as far as all commercial life and energy is concerned.

It is not necessary for our purpose to point out again what we have so often shown—that this anxiety is not a temporary panic, but a permanent and rational feeling, induced by observation of what is going on from day to day. It is sufficient to remark that the anxiety, whatever be its nature, is all-prevailing. Each traveller who passes through France brings back with him the same story, and relates how men's minds are heaving and shak-

ing with the anticipation of some coming movement, whether it be destined to assume the shape of conflict or catastrophe. Those continental writers who are fortunate enough to be able to think and speak freely tell a similar tale. Everywhere abroad the air seems charged with electricity, or full of that oppressive languor which ushers in the morning of a storm. Were it even possible that this pervading incertitude and gloom might be a kind of hallucination founded on misapprehensions as baseless as they are inexplicable, the danger would not be greatly lessened. Impressions like these belong to a class of presentiments that have a tendency to fulfil themselves. They exercise an important and baneful influence on the state of international relations. They complicate existing difficulties, and create new ones. War itself ceases to be so terrible an evil when it seems to be the only escape from continual rumors of war. It is, in fact, one step nearer peace than a condition of eternal perplexity and fear which nothing can remove. If no means can be devised for allaying the present excitement, a rupture of the peace of Europe must become inevitable.

The chief cause of all these terrible phenomena lies in the method by which France is governed. The policy of the executive is there dictated by the will of an individual whose character none can satum, whose intentions few can read, and from whose sentence there is no appeal. For the line which he chooses to adopt he is responsible neither to public opinion, nor to the judgment of the commercial classes. He may make war, and there is none to gainsay him. He may conclude a peace, and there is none to guarantee its duration. The voice of the nation is powerless to decide questions of paramount gravity and interest. When so much depends upon a single arm, attention must necessarily be riveted upon its every movement. A restless fascination holds all eyes in thrall. Men cannot breath for very expectation. The sole court to which the monarch is amenable, and whose suffrages he is bound to secure, is the soldiery. Naturally disposed to side with any system that promotes excitement and gives occupation to themselves, they are little interested in enforcing one settled course of action upon the government of the day. The very political disquietude which ruins trade feeds their craving for novelty, and stimulates their hopes of employment.

But the despotism of Napoleon III. has even graver sins to answer for than these. It paralyzes, as we have seen, commercial activity, and fosters the desires of the lawless. It does more. It corrupts the orderly, and communicates the feverish contagion to every rank and to every class. Political fever may be

considered to be the undue concentration of a nation's enthusiasm upon one point. The dominant *régime*, of which the emperor is the impersonation, closes all the channels in which popular energies might run—except one only, and that the most undesirable. It keeps hermetically sealed each valve through which the best French blood might otherwise be circulating. It saps the vital energy of each profession. It shuts the spiracles by means of which the country fain would breathe. What outlet has been left in France for literary vigor, for political activity, or the free and healthy workings of ambition? There is none. Liberty is exiled, individual growth is stunted. Now that commerce and speculation have slackened, there is but a single opening by which the life of this great people may find vent. Public interest fastens with fearful avidity on the prospect of foreign commotion. Debarred from all occupation at home, a fiery and impassioned nation longs to develop its repressed energy abroad. Thus the French imperial system is an eternal menace to the repose of Europe. It were indeed a marvel if it were any thing else.

Those Englishmen who earnestly desire to remain upon amicable terms with their French brethren (as, indeed, what Englishman does not?), will, above all things, pray that Napoleon III. may in his wisdom see fit to make France free. An *entente cordiale* between the two governments rests on but a precarious tenure so long as the imperial policy is one against which there is no appeal to general opinion. When great prizes are no longer given in France to peaceful enterprise—when no career is free—when excitement runs high, and the ordinary means of satisfying it are gone—let us be well assured that peace is in danger. At this moment the emperor is hurrying his country in the direction either of internal commotion or foreign war. Who can look at the fever-point to which French military expectation has been fed, and not be anxious for the issue? One

way of calming the troubled waters still remains—and perhaps only one. Let Louis Napoleon restore to his restless subjects liberty of discussion and of the press, and he will have taken at least a step towards re-assuring Europe. A liberal movement emanating from the Tuileries will do more to re-animate commerce and the funds than a hundred imperial promises of peace, to-day renewed and to-morrow broken.

Under these grave circumstances what should be England's course? To say that it must be just, liberal, and generous is not enough. For so much the country itself will be answerable; any policy will be short-lived that does not profess to be, more or less, all three. A great deal necessarily depends upon the ministry in power. And, first, let us fervently hope that all their relations with the continent may be as transparent and as clear as daylight itself. We trust that we may be committed to none of those deep-laid designs, or complicated intrigues, or ingenious artifices, which diplomacy loves. Let the whole world see that we wish to act in all things with simplicity and openness—that we have no ulterior object to pursue. Finesse is not a weapon which English diplomatists wield at all successfully. There is nothing on earth which would so surely precipitate a quarrel as the least attempt on England's part to manœuvre clumsily. The more conscious she is of the rectitude of her intentions, the more incumbent it is on her to let them be plainly read. Secondly, if the government are wise, they will be bold. Hesitation, vacillation, irresolution, attract the stroke which, though impending and imminent, has not yet fallen. Once let us flinch, and the threatened blow descends that might have been averted otherwise. A really great minister might save us, and might save Europe, by a consistent display of sincerity and manliness combined. Above all, be the future what it may, let it not find us unprepared.

PURIFICATION OF FOUL WATER.—Mr. Thomas Spencer, the discoverer of electrolysis, has made another important discovery. He has ascertained that the magnetic oxide of iron, which abounds in rocky strata, and in sands, etc., attracts oxygen, whether it exists in water or in air, and polarizes it; that this polarized oxygen is the salubrious ozone; that this ozone, so formed, destroys all discoloring and polluting organic solutions in water, and converts them into the sparkling and refreshing carbonic acid of the healthful spring. Even sewage water can be thus almost instantaneously purified. Moreover, Mr. Spencer has discovered that the appar-

ently mechanical process of filtration is itself magnetical, and it is now known that all substances are constitutionally more or less subject to magnetical influence; thus all extraneous matters suspended in water may be rapidly attracted in filtration, and so separated; and this may be done whether on a great scale or a small, either by the magnetic oxide or black sand of iron; by a mixture of this with ordinary sand, or by various other means, and Mr. Spencer has discovered a solid porous combination of carbon with magnetic oxide, prepared from Cumberland hematite, which is said to have very great filtering power.—*Builder*.

From The Saturday Review.
BLINDNESS.*

EIGHT years before his death, Dr. Bull became blind. His blindness was brought on by the overstrained exercise of his sight in microscopic researches, especially in the examination of sand for the discovery of minute shells. About the same time that he lost his sight, he lost to a very great extent the use of his limbs also. Under this double affliction he bore up cheerfully, finding his chief pleasures in communicating to others, so far as his means and opportunities went, the alleviations and resources which had to a certain extent supplied the place of the lost sense in his own case. The composition of the book now posthumously published largely engaged his thoughts and time. His death, however, has left it somewhat incomplete. This fact, and the circumstances under which the work was written, might allowably plead for a certain amount of critical forbearance even if it were much worse than it is. It can very well afford, however, to stand upon its own merits. If it adds little that is new to its subject in the way of fact or discussion, it has the merit of being agreeably written, and contains a good deal of interesting anecdote and tolerable reflection.

The condition of the blind is a subject which has hitherto been very little investigated, though it is rich in instruction of various kinds. The sum total of our knowledge being given, it is no easy matter to classify it—to assign the origin of each portion to its appropriate faculty, to determine what is due to the senses, what to the independent activity of the mind reacting upon their reports, and what to each individual sense. If, wherever a particular organ is wanting, we find that certain sensations and conceptions, which are always found when that organ exists, are wanting also, and if the restoration of the missing sense confers the hitherto absent impressions and ideas, we may consider that it is satisfactorily proved to be their source. The experience of the blind who have never possessed the sense of sight would, if accurately reported, throw much light on many of the phenomena of vision. The testimony of those who have become blind in adolescence, or adult age, or even in infancy, does not

possess the same value. For however short a time they may have possessed the faculty of sight, and though they may have lost all distinct recollection of its exercise, and can call up no distant imagination of color or any visual object, it has still contributed something to their mental stock, which remains in its effects, even when all traces of its origin have been lost. The born blind are the class most interesting to the scientific student. They form, however, a very small proportion of the entire blind population of the world, and the importance of specially observing and interrogating them has not been appreciated.

"The term 'born blind,'" says Dr. Bull, "is indiscriminately applied to all children losing their sight before the eighth year, when adolescence commences." It is obvious that such a classification as this is calculated to defeat the ends of scientific inquiry. Long before a child's eighth year, his powers of sight and observation have been wonderfully developed, and a whole harvest of conceptions gathered in, and influences submitted to, which deprive his example of value as an instance of the effects of the absence of vision. Of thirty thousand blind people in England, those who lose their sight in infancy—that is, before their eighth year—amount to only two thousand five hundred. The proportion of those truly born blind is exceedingly small. "Not one case," says Dr. Bull, "came under my notice during a professional life of more than five-and-twenty years in London, although a physician for the greater part of that period to a lying-in institution averaging more than a thousand cases annually; nor do I remember a single one to have occurred in the practice of a large circle of medical friends." The opportunities, then, of the only conclusive kind of observation—of the thorough application of what Mr. Mill has called the method of difference—in determining the nature of the information due to the sense of sight, are of the rarest occurrence. It is the more necessary, by isolating them—by carefully distinguishing in our inquiries those who have never seen from those who have done so, for however short a time—to turn such scant opportunities to their true account.

One conclusion, however, has been arrived at by some high authorities which is to us not a little startling, and which, we think, deserves other than the very summary treatment it has received at their hands. To an assertion of

* *The Sense of Vision Denied and Lost.* By Thomas Bull, M.D. Edited by the Rev. B. G. Johns, Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields. London: Longmans. 1869.

Dr. Bull, that "the blind philosopher may understand as well as any other man the distances and motions of the heavenly bodies," etc., his editor appends the contradiction "Not the born blind, who has no idea of what space really is." Mr. Johns is officially connected with "the largest blind school in Europe," and his opportunities of observation have, of course, been very great. His assertion is partially confirmed by the high philosophical authority of Sir William Hamilton, who says that "the observations of Platner on a person born blind would prove that *sight*, not *touch*, is the sense by which we principally obtain our knowledge of figure and our *empirical* knowledge of space. Saunderson, at any rate, he adds, was not born blind." (Hamilton's *Reid*, p. 125.) Saunderson, however, lost his sight utterly at twelve months, the organ itself being destroyed. Now, if these twelve months of vision could make the difference between the acquisition and the inability to gain so fundamental a notion as that of space—a notion involving in its presence the power to rise to the highest truths of mathematical and physical science, and, in its absence, impotence to make the most distant approach to the conception of the elementary ideas they involve—we have a conclusive proof of the absurdity of grouping together, on the ground of similarity of condition, the blind strictly from their birth, and those who up to their eighth year have retained the power of sight. "The most accurate observations of the blind from birth evince," Sir W. Hamilton elsewhere says, "that their conceptions of figure are extremely limited." The dissertation in which he proposed to discuss this subject, has, unfortunately, never yet been published. In the mean time some well-known facts and obvious considerations appear to contradict his doctrine. The conception of space, or extension, is simply that of externality, or of parts outside of parts. The conception of figure (which is extension bounded in a particular manner), and that of magnitude (that is, of relative extension), imply, of course, the fundamental notion from which they are derivatives and which they qualify. That men born blind can move through space; that they can find their way through intricate passages; that in rooms differently constructed they know how to adapt their movements to difference of size and form, shows that they

have ideas of figure and magnitude as trustworthy and distinct as those possessed by the seeing. William Hankey, the watchmaker of Barnstaple, was born blind; he, nevertheless, attained greater skill in his craft than the majority of his fellow-tradesmen; and, in cases of difficulty, was frequently "called in" as an eminent practitioner where others had failed. Of course, he could only recognize the several parts of clock and watch by their shape and form, and in putting them together he can hardly have been without that idea of relative position in space, or of parts external to each other, which is what we mean by extension. Sir W. Hamilton, it should be remarked, does not assert, with Mr. Johns, that sight is "the necessary condition of any perception of extension at all," but only "of its more prompt and precise perception." Even this seems, on his own principles, to claim too much for it. Sir W. Hamilton holds the Berkeleyan Theory of Vision, according to which sight presents us merely with colored *surfaces*, and therefore acquaints us only with superficial extension or with extension in the two dimensions of length and breadth. Space, however, is trinal extension—or extension in three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness, or depth. It might be contended with more plausibility, that a being gifted only with sight could attain no idea of what space really is, than that vision is absolutely necessary to its acquisition. The case reported by Dr. Franz in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* for 1841, of the restoration to sight, in his eighteenth year, of a lad born blind; who, being shown geometrical figures on the first day, without touching, recognized and named them accurately, as circle, triangle, etc., seems to show not only that a precise knowledge of figures may be attained by the blind, but that the sensations derived from the same object by sight and touch have something in common; and are connected in our minds not merely by invariable associations, but by a natural resemblance. Some readers may recollect the contrary answer to a hypothetical case of this kind proposed by "that very ingenious and studious promoter of real knowledge, the worthy Mr. Moleneux," which Locke gives in the ninth chapter of his *Essay on the Human Understanding*. In stating that the "born blind have no idea of what space really is," Mr. Johns may perhaps be using the term "space," not in its philosophical sense to express ex-

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tension; whether great or small, but, as it is often popularly employed, to denote infinite extension. There can be no doubt that sight is an indispensable aid in any attempt to realize the conception of vast space. The world of the blind, at any one moment, reaches no further than the sweep of his arm; and his imagination, restricted within the range of his experience, can scarcely pass these narrow limits. In some such sense as this, it may be quite true that the born blind has no adequate idea of what space really is.

Other questions of interest to psychologists, such as—why, with two eyes, objects are beheld single?—why, with the picture of objects inverted on the retina, the objects themselves are seen erect?—whether the perception of distance is immediate or indirect, an intuition of sense or an inference of the mind?—are likely to be solved more satisfactorily by examination of the experience of the blind from their birth on occasion of the first bestowal of sight than by any other means.

Dr. Bull devotes an interesting chapter of his work to examining the influence of blindness on the intellectual character. That the blind are in general remarkable for power of memory, the faculty of concentrated attention, a strong taste for and capacity to excel in abstract and speculative science, is a well-known and natural result of their privation. Dr. Guillié, the celebrated French teacher of the blind, appears, rather paradoxically, to think that the want of sight is an advantage rather than a hinderance in the study of mathematics. "Si le genre humain," says Royer-Collard, "avait été aveugle-né, sa condition dans l'univers serait bien au-dessous de ce qu'elle est, mais sa métaphysique serait bien plus saine." But the senses are not merely the inlets of information—the impressions which they convey appeal directly to the emotions, and give their bias to the moral dispositions and propensities. With regard to the effect of blindness on the moral character, some curious observations have been made of consequences which seem too naturally connected with that privation to be altogether valueless, but which have been, perhaps, too absolutely stated. Diderot long ago remarked that a certain degree of inhumanity was generally noticeable in the blind. The cry of grief and

the language of direct complaint are the only excitements to compassion to which they are accessible. The silent appeal of look and gesture cannot reach them. "Do not we," he says, "cease to feel commiseration when the distance or smallness of the objects produces in us the same effect that the want of sight does in them?" Dr. Guillié (quoted by a writer in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) attributes to them a lack of modest decency; and though he acquits them of a disposition to atheism, he says, "that he cannot altogether justify them from the reproach of impiety." The scepticism of Saunderson is well known. Newton, he said, believed on the testimony of nature, "while I am reduced to believe on that of Newton." Excluded from all perception of the beauty of the visible universe, and from the counter-revelations of the telescope and microscope—which appeal so strongly to religious wonder and awe—it is scarcely matter of surprise that the susceptibility of the blind to lively religious emotions should be fainter than that of the seeing. They may be told and taught all that others know, but the feelings can scarcely be reached at second-hand:—

"Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et
quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

When Dr. Guillié attributes to the blind a tendency to suspicion, selfishness, and ingratitude—a general want, in short, of humane and kindly natural feelings—it should be remembered that his observations, though very extensive, have had for their objects the blind as collected together within the walls of a public institution. The emotions and dispositions in which he proclaims them deficient are almost necessarily of home growth. They arise in response to parental care, fraternal and sisterly affection, and individual friendship, and can scarcely spring up under the wholesale treatment inevitable when large numbers of the young are gathered together, within the walls of a public school or asylum.

Our observations have referred rather to Dr. Bull's subject than to his book. In conclusion, we again recommend it as attractive and profitable reading.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDEE.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

No, Edith, I have got no briefs—I want no briefs at all;

I want to know that you're come back and safe at Shirley Hall;

And till I get a note from you announcing that return,

I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Sugden, Hayes; or Fearné.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"

I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar;

And I'm to work while you're away?—a likely thing indeed!

Yes, I'm in one Assizes case,—that one in *Adam Bede*.

You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please,

A fellow's work's all bosh unless a fellow's mind's at ease;

And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use I fear,

While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over here,

Don't, Edith, write about myself; I want to hear of you,

And what you're doing day by day, and also how you do;

And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like, and sha'n't)

Is really acting like a friend, or only like an aunt;

And takes you, Edith, everywhere, and shows you what to see,

And in society performs what's due to you—and me;

Nor, while her own long girls are push'd wherever she can get,

Permits you to be talked to by the billiard-playing set.

And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes,

And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd her Roman nose),

Inform me if those vicious inuendos she contrives,

And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's wives.

Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint

(There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint),

That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought to know,"

That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think I'm slow;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind,

Makes it, at picnics, an excuse for leaving you behind;

And draws, that cold old lip of hers maliciously upcurl'd,

"Of course, engaged Miss Ediths do not care about the world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun

To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;

So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to stay,

When She—and everybody else—are off and far away.

I wander in our gardens when the dust makes all things dim,

The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care for him;

And Paper Buildings, Edith, in a sketch by fancy drawn,

Grows an old baronial mansion, with the grass-plot for its lawn;

The Thames, its lake; myself, its lord (his income, lucky chance,

Exactly fifty thousand pounds paid yearly in advance);

Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is conjured up,

And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in—to sup.

Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard your ship

Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound, by Grip;

And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends,

Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her friends.

—Once a Week.

THE BIBLE.

FRIEND of my early days,

Thou old brown, folio tome,

Oft opened with amaze,

Within my childhood's home;

Thy many-pictured pages,

Beheld with glad surprise,

Would lure me from my playmates,

To oriental skies.

I found in thee for friends,

The wise and valiant men

Of Israel, whose heroic deeds

Are writ with holy pen;

And dark brown Jewish maidens,

With festive dance and song,

Or fairly dressed for bridal,

The pictured leaves among.

The old life patriarchal

Did beautifully shine,

With angels hovering over

The good old men divine;

Their long, long pilgrimages

I traced through all the way;

While on the stool before me

The pages open lay.

—From the German of Freiligrath.